1851

AMERICAN MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company,
Or New Haven, Conn.
CASH CAPITAL 100,000 DOLLARS.
Securely invested in Bonds, Mortgages and Stock
Premiums at less rates than charged by other Mu
Companies, payable in Cash Annually, Semi-annu
or Quarterly, as best suits the convenience of the
pliant.

Prof. B. Silliman, *President*,
Benjamin Noyes, *Secretary*.
P. D. Whitmore, *Actuary*.
William N. Blakeman, M.D, *Medical Examin*
In attendance at the Office, 40 Wall-street, daily f
2 to 3 o'clock. 125

Temperance Dining Saloon.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this method of informa
business men and the public, that they have ope
a spacious Dining Saloon on Temperance Principles
No. 12 Beekman-street, near the Brick Church, wh
all the variety of refreshments of Meats, Puddings,
try, etc., with Tea and Coffee, are neatly prepared,
promptly served to all who favor them with a
Meats in varied forms, 6cents per plate; Tea and Co
3 cents per cup. ☞ Call and see.
JOHN S. SAVERY,
SYLVESTER CHANDLER.
125-13t*

A Card.

RELIEF FOR BROKEN DOWN CLERGYMEN, AND OTHERS.

DR. BANNING, of 341 Broadway, takes the libe
to inform those Bronchitic, Pulmonic, Dyspeptic, a
generally debilitated Ladies and Gentlemen (especia
Bronchitis and debilitated Clergymen and Singers)
intend visiting New York during the approaching
versary season, that, after traveling several years for
vestigation and experiment, he has perfected a compl
tion with other rational and simple means, he is n
prepared to give ENTIRE RELIEF to their sufferings;
that, for the immediate and great benefit to be deri
from his directions and Supports, he refers to many
unguished public speakers and vocalists of this city.
Dr. Banning would also mention the fact, that
work, entitled "Common Sense," exposing the cause
and teaching how to prevent and relieve Consumptio
Bronchitis, Dyspepsia and Chronic Weaknesses g
erally, may be obtained at his office, where he rema
for consultation on these topics, from 9 o'clock, A.M.
3 o'clock, P.M. 13

Important to Ladies.
GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE Glenfield Patent Double Refined Powder Star
is a most invaluable article for all laundry purpos
For the dressing of shirts it is unsurpassed, as it retai
a beautiful, clear, elastic finish, even in damp or wa
weather. It imparts to ladies' muslin dresses that iran
jaroncy and freshness of finish peculiar to new goods; and
it requires no boiling, is perfectly free from all impurities
and is warranted not to adhere to the iron. Sold by
respectable Grocers and Druggists in New York, Brook
lyn, Williamsburgh, Boston, Mass., New Haven, Con
GEORGE WALKER, Agent,
134-13t* 10 Pine-street, 2d floor

Gilbert's Boudoir Pianos.

THE subscribers have established rooms for the exh
bition and sale of the above named truly superb in
struments, which for compactness of form, beauty o
style, delicacy of touch, power and quality of tone, su
pass ALL OTHERS ever made in this country. Their pe
culiar form and construction renders the tone so rich
varied and powerful, as entirely to preclude the possib
ity of being appreciated without being heard.
Persons wishing to purchase, and the profession gene
rally, are respectfully invited to call, examine, and de
cide for themselves.
No person wishing a Piano should purchase without
previously examining this "Boudoir," as its many APPRE
CIATIONS TO EXCHANGE OTHER PIANOS FOR THESE, make
itself evident that an unnecessary expense is incurred by
such a neglect.
This Piano occupies but little room, and has been pro
nounced by eminent judges to be "the greatest improve
ment of the age."
JOHN E. GOULD & CO.,
Dealer in Pianos, Sheet Music, and Music Books,
126-cow6* 297 Broadway, N. Y.

Professor Alexander C. Barry's
TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND.

FOR restoring, preserving, and beautifying Hair
eradicating Scurf and Dandruff, and curing diseases
of the skin, glands, muscles, stings, cuts, bruises, sprains
&c., &c. It has been ascertained by experiment that
BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS has produced the same effect in
curing diseases of the skin, &c., of the horse, and all the
animal kingdom.
From the Editor of the *N. Y. Express*, April 3, 1851.
"Prof. Alex. C. Barry's Tricopherous is not only the
cheapest but the most useful preparation for preserving
the hair in a beautiful condition, which has come under
our observation. It is recommended by some of our best
chemists and physicians, and has been extensively and
successfully used in all parts of the country. We think
it indispensable to a neat toilet and highly recommend
it to the public. It can be procured from all the best
druggists, and in packages of half a dozen bottles at a
reduced price, at Prof. Barry's Office, 137 Broadway."
Copy of a letter from Miss Catharine Nelson:
"City Hotel, Sept. 17, 1848.
"Mr. Barry: Sir—You have permission to use my
name as having experienced the great utility of your
Tricopherous for dressing the hair. I have always found
oils and pomatum to occasion a harshness to my hair,
and for three or four years it was falling off and much
changed in color; but since using your Tricopherous I
feel my head always comfortable, and my hair grows
strong and thick, to the amazement of my friends and
acquaintances. I have invariably found it gives the
most general satisfaction. Please to send three bottles
by bearer, who will pay you. Catharine Nelson."
Copy of a letter from G. V. M. Rapelye:
"New York, Sept. 22, 1850.
"Prof. Barry: Dear Sir—I have been afflicted with a
cutaneous eruption of the scalp of a most aggravated
character for the last sixteen years, and during that pe
riod I have had the advice of many of the most eminent
physicians, and have tried all the preparations for the
hair and skin now known, without the least benefit. I
was advised by a friend to try your Tricopherous. I did
so as a last resort, and, to my surprise and gratification,
found myself cured in about two months. Such was the
violence of the disorder that at times I was partially
blind. Respectfully yours,
"G. V. M. Rapelye,
"148 Columbia-street, Brooklyn."
Sold in large bottles, price 25, cents at the principal
office, 137 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK,
and by all the principal druggists and merchants
throughout the United States and Canada. 131- m*

PROSPECTUS of the INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT, a religious newspaper of
the largest class, is published weekly, at 24 *Beek-man-street*, New York, at Two Dollars a-year, payable in *advance*.
The Editors of this journal are Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., of New Haven, Conn., Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York, and Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jun., Pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn.
Dr. Bacon is at present traveling in Europe and the East, and his correspondence will enrich the paper during the year with his observations upon European and Oriental scenery, society and institutions. Mr. Storrs's articles are designated by his initial S.
Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., (C.) and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, (✻) are enlisted as stated contributors to the editorial columns.
The Assistant Editor is Rev. Joshua Leavitt, whose experience as an editor renders the new department varied and complete.
The Independent was not started for the purpose of gain, and it will be sustained upon *the most liberal scale*, even though it should never prove to be a source of income to its proprietors.
But while they are thus committed to its support, the proprietors have no control over the columns of the paper, and no responsibility whatever for anything that appears in them. The editors, on the other hand, have no property in the paper, and no expectation of being either enriched or impoverished by its success. The experiment of two years has proved that this is perhaps the very best method of securing a truly independent newspaper, such as *The Independent* aims to be. The name was intended to be characteristic, not offensively, but distinctively. It is not the organ of any school in theology, of any sect in religion, nor of any party in politics. It expresses only the individual views of its conductors. As it's editors are by conviction and position *Congregationalists*, the paper advocates the principles of faith and order generally held by the Congregational churches of New England. This it does, however, in the spirit of kindness and liberality toward other denominations of Christians.

Correspondence.

The Independent employs, as stated foreign correspondents, Joseph Warne, Esq., of Oxford, England, Rev. A. King, of Dublin, Rev. Louis Bridel, of Paris, and Rev. Leon Pilatte, of Paris, (now in this country,) who keep its columns supplied with the news of the European world, and furnish articles of great ability and value upon particular aspects of political and ecclesiastical movements abroad. In addition, as shown, two or three traveling correspondents are ordinarily engaged to present its readers with fresh and original impressions of the eastern continents. Missionaries also, at several stations, contribute from time to time intelligence from their respective fields.
The *Domestic* Correspondence of the paper embraces all the prominent points in our own country at the East and the West, and keeps its readers informed of all matters of public interest. By these auxiliaries *The Independent* is supplied with a larger amount of original matter than is usual in religious newspapers.
Special attention is given to the criticism of Books and Periodicals, and to interesting selections from current literature.

General Principles.

The religious principles of *The Independent* are stated above. Being a religious newspaper, it does not enter the arena of political discussion, except to apply the principles of Christianity to public questions. This it endeavors to do, without regard to party or sectional interests. It will always espouse the cause of Justice, Humanity, Right, Liberty and Truth, against all combinations and all interests, political, commercial, or ecclesiastical, that would seek to trample these under foot. In the reform of social evils, it will endeavor to combine moderation and firmness with a firm and resolute opposition to all corruption and wrong. But the great aim of the paper will be to elevate the *spiritual* character of its readers, by inculcating the truths of the Gospel in their practical application.

To Agents.

Postmasters and Clergymen are requested to act as agents, or to use such other mode of aiding in the extensive circulation of the paper as may be convenient; and deduct Fifty Cents commission on all new subscriptions. Payments always in advance. 104-tf*

Boston and New England Office
FOR
THE INDEPENDENT—received by express from New York, and delivered by carriers, at $2 00 a year, free of postage; single numbers 6 cts. Price by mail, $2.
THE NATIONAL ERA—received by express from Washington, and delivered by carriers, at $2 76 a year, free of postage. Single Nos. 6 cts. Price by mail, $2.
THE NEW ENGLANDER—a Quarterly Journal, the Prospectus of which is advertised in this paper. Price $3 a year. ☞ Subscribers to *The Independent* can have this work *the first year* for $2.
THE FRIEND OF YOUTH—edited by Mrs. Dalley, Washington. Price delivered, free of postage, fifty cents; by mail, 50 cents.
THE OBERLIN EVANGELIST—semi-monthly. Price $1 a year. (All the Oberlin books also for sale, wholesale and retail, at this Office.)
☞ The Boston Office for the above, among other public publications, is at the Publishing Room and Library Agency of
G. W. LIGHT, 3 Cornhill.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

VOLUME III. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1851. NUMBER 138.

THE INDEPENDENT.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

TERMS—$2 per annum to those who order the paper sent by *mail*, and $2 50 to those who receive the paper by *carriers* or *post-riders* at their door free of charge.
Clergymen who send five names with $10 will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.
Payment in *all cases* will be required in *advance*.
☞ Advertisements.—Seventy-five cents for 16 lines for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.
The Boston Office of *The Independent* is at the Literary Agency of G. W. Light, No. 3 Cornhill.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The editors of this journal are Leonard Bacon, Joseph P. Thompson, and R. S. Storrs, Jun. When Mr. Storrs entered the editorial *corps*, it is reserved the right to withdraw from it whenever the paper should have become established. Except for the absence of Dr. Bacon, he would therefore have done so at the commencement of this year. But in consequence of that absence he will continue to contribute as heretofore to our columns; being relieved, however, of all Editorial supervision and responsibility, except in the case of his own articles. These are designated by his initial. S.
The Assistant Editor is Rev. Joshua Leavitt.
Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., (C.) and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, (✻) are enlisted as stated contributors to the editorial columns.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR GALENA CORRESPONDENT.

Louisville, Ky., June 30, 1851.

To the Editors of the Independent:—

Gentlemen:—Notes of a journey *from West to East* might seem, like Mr. Thompson's letters, to read backwards, if our route had not been in great part different from his. How the country from Galena to St. Louis looks in this green and leafy month to western eyes, I will not say since he has already said how it looks to eastern ones. Right sorry as we were to say farewell to your associate so soon—your ten thousand readers (and more) will be more sorry to lose his expected sketch of the country from Galena to St. Anthony. To us he made partial atonement by a promise which another editor (S.) is to redeem next season. By that time Sauk Rapids will be hardly as far off, and hardly as new to civilization, as "the Falls" are now.
We found the flood not quite as great as the papers had led us to expect, and yet the Father of Rivers everywhere had his cup full. The trees on all his banks, with such massy foliage as one could easily imagine to have been carved out of a deep-green marble, were standing "out of the water and in the water." More damage has been done on the whole by the protracted and heavy rains than by the flood itself, though the loss by the latter will be hardly realized by eastern readers. At Galena the season has been unprecedented—not three pleasant and clear days perhaps in nearly three months. St. Louis presents the queer spectacle of a great Mississippi city with its levee left off, which is much like a certain play with the part of Hamlet omitted, the riverside merchants on the whole front of the city doing business out of back-doors. Most of the upper rivers however are slowly receding, and if the "June rise" does not come on the back of the flood, will soon find their old level. If it does there will yet be such a flood as St. Louis never saw. At the time of this present writing, the Mississippi has at no point reached the highest rise of former years.
Cairo reminds one laughably of Gen. Morris's sketch some years since of "Water Lots." The great western trans-shipping point of northern and southern trade, as it is predicted it will soon be, looks more just now like dying of the dropsy than exhibiting any remarkable commercial activity and growth. But rail iron for the Central Road has been landed there, and if these predictions are tolerably realized, not Milwaukee nor even St. Louis will be able to show such progress, when the trade of the main trunk and the Galena and Chicago branches pours in here to strike the great Mobile road, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.
From Cairo to Louisville the Ohio is the least interesting of western rivers. What the States on either side have of the beautiful, and prosperous, and picturesque does not come to the bank. I noticed little change during the seven years since I passed down the stream, vastly less than in everywhere noticeable on the upper Mississippi. Perhaps there is more in the interior *on the free side*. Opposite Hawesville in Kentucky a town has grown up about a coal-mine called Cannelton, and here some eastern gentlemen have built a beautiful cotton factory. The building is of four stories with two fine slender towers in the center, the style of architecture Elizabethan, and the material a dark stone laid in square blocks of different shades of color. There are two transverse wings, beyond which are one story additions for engines, &c. The building is between 200 and 300 feet long with fine grounds in front, and looks for all the world as you pass like an ancient university. And why should not the sons and daughters of labor have architectural and natural beauty about them as well as the sons of learning? More than $350,000 capital have been invested in the concern by eastern capitalists, and unless the other great obstacle in the way of western manufactures prevents, want of laborers, it will succeed. Want of capital will not prevent. It already manufactures domestics, tickings, and blue goods of a superior quality which are securing the down river market to a considerab'e extent.
The "Galt House" in Louisville may be commended for everything except what results from the peculiar institution. Would it not be a good operation to open in, such a city a Yankee hotel with white waiters who know something, and have some stimulus to attend to their business well—and will not be likely to grumble and swear in "gumbo" English over the directions given them by visitors? The Galt House is finely built, with high airy apartments, and handsomely furnished. Remodeled, it would make a good Delavan or Phelps House.
One would not expect to find in Louisville of course the Sabbath-quiet of an eastern city. Yet we were surprised to see so large a proportion of the shops open—not only confectionaries, liquor stands, and such like, but shoe shops, &c. &c. Lively talk, shouting, swearing, &c. was abundant in the streets. We made our way in the morning to Dr. Edward P. Humphrey's church. Dr. H. has the honor of having been the youngest moderator of the O. S. General Assembly. He was already in the pulpit,—a larger and heavier molded man than we expected to see, and with less of Presbyterian dignity in person and manner. The tone of the opening services was somewhat nasal and thin, and the enunciation indistinct and hasty, but when fairly launched in the sermon he spoke with considerable distinctness and animation. The sermon from the words, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves,"—I would give you a synopsis of, if it were altogether fair to report a pastor's ordinary, practical and hortatory discourses. The preacher illustrated at large the distinction between examining and proving one's self, and applied it at the close to various practical matters. When he came to apply it to Gospel benevolence, to the poor and distressed, and spoke of examining ourselves as to principle, and proving ourselves as to practice, we waited to hear a word about the oppressed, but no allusion was made to Christian duty and character in that connection. Dr. H. has however shown recently a mild and gentle disapprobation of slavery in a pamphlet on "Theological Seminaries in the West," written jointly by himself and Dr. W. L. Breckenridge. The pamphlet (not very widely circulated) was published in opposition to Dr. N. L. Rice's scheme of a great seminary at Cincinnati, absorbing New Albany and Allegany city seminaries, and in defending Dr. MacMaster of N. A., against Dr. R.'s objections on the score of his views on slavery; considerable O. S. testimony against that "blessed" institution is introduced. So far as Dr. M. and his two defenders are concerned, however the matter ends as a quiet theoretic disapproval, not making, it is said, his intercourse with the Louisville pulpits and people at all "irksome to him as one who did not approve of slavery, or to any of us as belonging to a slaveholding people." Our general impression of Dr. H. in his pulpit was that of an active pastor, possessed of that grade and modicum of ability which makes excellent conservatives, North or South. He spoke without notes as did all the preachers we heard that day. A secession from his church occupy a new and neat building on the corner of Chesnut-street. Dr. Breckinridge's pulpit is now occupied by John A. McClung, Esq., whose early licensure and subsequent skepticism and success as a lawyer, and recent resumption of the preaching of the Gospel have been noticed in your journal. A very thin attendance (about 200) in the evening prevented Mr. McC.'s preaching on the second coming of Christ as he intended, having discoursed on his first coming in the morning, and he gave instead a half hour's rapid, clear, and ingenious train of remark on the prophetic chronology of the first coming. Awkward and animated, careless in his person and dress, and with much of the wiry, knotty, bright-eyed look of an experienced and successful advocate; Mr. McC. wants only warmth and unction to make a preacher of great ability. His address closed at once with the argument, and abruptly, not a word of exhortation or improvement being added.

Niagara Falls, July 3.

The fine mail-boat Ben Franklin brought us to Cincinnati on Tuesday morning in time for the morning train for Cleveland—and taking a breakfast on the river thirty miles out, and a "hasty plate of soup" at Columbus, ten-time found us some miles down Lake Erie with Cleveland disappearing in the distance. The pellucid, sweet emerald of the lake water is specially refreshing to one who has lived some years by the thick floods of the western rivers. And the mind which has grown to a habitual sense of vastness on the prairies is refreshed by vastness in another form and element on the lakes. Circumstances had given our route from the North-west to the North-east the form of the letter S, and we had now entered upon the upper limb of the letter. From Louisville to Buffalo, there are certain unspeakable nuisances to travelers which give to this part of a trip from West to East or from East to West *the horrors of the middle passage*. The whole community of travelers ought to protest until Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo establish a Hack and Omnibus Police, stringent and peremptory. To be made deaf by anything is bad enough, but to be deafened by such vociferous and preposterous lying is quite intolerable.
The route down the St. Lawrence is before us, and thence through Lake Champlain and the White Mountains by the back door into Maine, of which something hereafter.
Yours, G. F. M.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

Boston, July 14, 1851.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Editors:—As the potions of the medicine men are an evil in themselves, to be chosen only as the remedy for a greater evil, so it is with the fire department in our large cities. Our Puritan city has been more favored in this regard than the city of Brotherly-love, still our experience even has been such as to lead us sometimes to change physicians. Until 1825 Boston trusted for the extinction of fires to the volunteer system. Two very destructive fires which occurred about that time led in 1825 to an organized fire department. Though this worked well for a time, it was found after a period of years that the companies which had been formed of young men drawn together by love of excitement, were in fact clubs, whose influence was demoralizing. The engine-houses were places of resort for card-playing, liquor-drinking, &c. In 1837 these companies were disbanded by the city authorities, and particularly through the efficient agency of Mayor Eliot. There was at that time great excitement and fears of a general conflagration. The design of the ordinance of 1837 was to establish the relation, between the city and the firemen, of employer and employed. The companies were paid for their services. But the plan was not entirely successful. The same habits of extravagance and dissipation prevailed to some extent among the recent companies. Hence there was with the beginning of the present month a new interposition of the city authorities—a second disbanding. According to the present regulations, the firemen are *not allowed* to wear any uniform, to elect or discharge their officers, to leave the city in case of fire in the neighboring towns without special orders, to use any part of their engine-houses except the lower story, to furnish or decorate the room which they do use, to form any association or organized society as firemen, or impose any fines. Against these strict conditions of course there is rebellion, and we have a new excitement; but the pay of firemen is increased to $100 a year for each member, the department is filling up rapidly, and we cannot but hope that Boston will furnish in its fire-department a model for all other cities.

Temperance.

The Grand Jury of the county of Suffolk whose six months term of service closed on the 30th ult. made a long presentment, which was read at the opening of the present term of the Municipal Court. In this, after admitting "the baneful influence exerted upon society by intemperance, and the misery, pauperism, and crime engendered thereby"—"recommend that licenses be granted under restrictions; the sum required to be of such an amount as partially to defray the expenses of maintaining the institutions to which the victims of intemperance and crime are consigned." They add, "by this means the court, already overburdened with business, would be partially relieved." It is indeed humiliating to see Boston so much behind the age on the great subject of Temperance. How long will a sordid love of gain, or a short-sighted expediency, so blunt the moral sense of men, that in the midst of good pretensions they shall legalize iniquity and become partners in crime! The old Bay State needs to take lessons from some of the younger members of the Union, and Boston especially needs the tuition of the honest yeomanry. Boston may complain if she will that the rural portions of the State are jealous of her influence, but would she remove the cause of her complaints she must endeavor to exert a better influence.

Depravity.

Passing down State-street recently, my attention was arrested by a placard before a newspaper office bearing in large characters, these words —Murder in Broad-street—Double murder in Lynn and Triple murder in Williamsburg, N. Y. The exact truth was not conveyed by these startling words, as in Lynn there was one murder and an attempt at suicide—and in Williamsburg there were two murders and the wounding of a third individual; still, in view of the facts as they really were, who will longer question the depravity of our race? What virtuous man is not humbled by the thought that he belongs to such a race?

Tractarianism.

A Court of Presbyters of the Episcopal Church assembled in this city a few days since for the trial of Rev. Oliver S. Prescott, late of the Episcopal church in Green-street. The presentment from the Standing Committee of the Diocese charged Mr. Prescott with heresy, with practicing illegal forms and ceremonies, with violating the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with immoral conduct in violating his ordination vows. The more specific charges made go to show that he is well nigh a Romanist in all but the name. After numerous and vain attempts to show that the Court was not constituted according to the laws of the Church, Mr. Prescott and his council withdrew, and the Court made a record to the following effect:—

"That it appearing to the Court, that Rev. O. S. Prescott having been presented, and had due notice in conformity with the requisitions of the canon, neglects and refuses to appear for trial; and it further appears that he is not prevented from attending by sickness or other sufficient cause, it is the opinion of the Court that Rev. O. S. Prescott should be suspended from the exercise of his clerical functions for the term of six months."

We learn from the *Post*, that; "Within six months, Mr. Prescott claims a trial it must be granted him, or the charges which have been preferred against him be taken to be withdrawn; but if he does not claim a trial within that time, then, under the canon, he will be declared degraded, subject to an appeal."
Thus far it appears that the worthy Bishop of Massachusetts succeeds in his efforts to preserve the purity of the faith, or at least the ascendancy of evangelical doctrine.
Yours, Cromwell.

POETRY.

For the Independent.

THE MOTHER TO HER MISSIONARY DAUGHTER.

BY MARY IRVING.

My gentle-hearted child—
Look up into my eyes!
The very smile thy father smiled,
Departing for the skies,
Is kindling on thy lip—the smile of sacrifice!

A question quivers there—
Asked often and again,
Since I in vain whispered it first in fear
Of being asked in vain:
A question quick to thrill a mother's heart with pain!

'My mother—*may I go?*'
Oh, in a mother's cup
Earth's wildest blessedness and woe
Are strangely mingled up!
That whisper poured in mine the saddest, bitterest drop!

Thou—thou—the tenderest one—
The dearest to my heart
Of all that in its life had grown
Too closely—*thou* depart!
Thou bloom on heathen shores, frail blossom that thou art!

I could not answer 'yes'—
I *dared* not answer 'no;'
Surges of selfish tenderness
O'erswept my spirit so.
I only felt the throb which said, '*She must not go!*'

Last night, I dreamed a dream;
When I had fallen asleep,
For very powerlessness my dim
And aching eyes to keep
Awake through weary hours, to watch the stars and weep.

I dreamed I was 'a child—
A happy child again,'
Watching a garden in the wild,
Beside a lonesome lane,
Tending the frail sweet flowers through sunshine and through rain.

The 'lily and the bell'—
The meek-eyed violet—
The tulip with its queenly swell—
The timid mignonette—
And fairer flowers a thousand were scattered at my feet.

O, never flowers like those
Won aching eyes to see!
But there was one small budding rose
I loved most tenderly;
I know not why, 't was dearest of all the flowers to me!

There came a wandering boy,
In rags, and want, and woe;
Yet smiled he in a strange wild joy,
To see those buds, as though
He were a babe again, their fragrance cheered him so!

'Give me a flower!' said he;
I gave a violet;
He turned his large eyes pleadingly—
'Give me another yet!
I have a mother'—and his cheeks with tears were wet.

'I have a poor, sick mother,
Who sits and sadly sews;
Dearer to her than any other
Would be that little rose!
I know that it would wake one smile amid her woes!'

I bent me down to kiss
My darling bud—'Oh, no!
Take any other one *but this*—
I *cannot* let it go!
No breast shall wear the bud that I have cherished so!'

Suddenly as I spoke,
The beggar-boy uprose;
A brighter ray than morning's broke
Around his royal brows;
His rags fell from a robe more white than winter's snows!

I knew an angel's face—
I trembled at his feet;
He smiled a smile of gentlest grace,
And spoke in chiding sweet—
'My Master deems thy flower for his beloved meet!

'Thy garden He hath sown
With buds from heavenly bowers;
Claims not the Giver well his own—
The *fairest* of thy flowers?
Give up thy rose, to smile where suffering counts the hours?'

I woke—the moonbeam white
Upon my pillow lay;
The utter silence of the night
Took spirit-voice to say,
'Thy Savior seeks a blossom for a desert far away?'

Oh, daughter, in that hour
I lived the life of years!
Until my spirit seemed to pour
Its faithlessness and fears—
Its weakness and its will away in heart-wrung tears!

Draw closer to my heart!
Smile on thy father's smile!
Not yet—*not yet*—my own—we part!
Yet—for a little while—
Then go!—Heaven guard my heart-flower on the Ionа Pacific isle!

June, 1851.

Bishop Doane has lately published a sermon on the Extension of the Church, to which he appends the following graceful illustration from the well-known growth of the Banyan tree, of the inherent propagating energy of the gospel of Christ. It seems to be an expansion of a thought of Emerson, with a different adaptation, and is quaintly entitled,

Ficus Religiosa.

The Banyan, of the Indian Isles,
Strikes, deeply down, its massive root;
And spreads its branching life abroad,
And bends, to earth, with scarlet fruit:
And, when the branches reach the ground,
They firmly plant themselves again;
Then rise, and spread, and droop, and root;
An ever green and endless chain.

And, so, the Church of Jesus Christ,
The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast rooted, upon Sion's mount,
Has sent its sheltering arms abroad;
And, every branch that from it springs,
In sacred beauty, spreading wide,
As, low, it bends, to bless the earth,
Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,
The sacred Banyan still shall spread;
From clime to clime, from age to age,
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed;
Nations shall seek its pillared shade,
The weaver chalk for their heritage,
The circling flood, that feeds its life,
The blood that crimsoned Calvary.

Employment.

He that is weary let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire;
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

Life is a business; not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here;
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold.
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

—*Herbert.*

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

England, July 3, 1851.

More "church."

There is no escaping from ecclesiastical topics. "Church" obtrudes itself or herself everywhere. The Bishop of Exeter has gathered his Synod, and obtained a not reluctant assent to the *Declarations* that he and they are the only successors to the Apostles, the mediators and saviors of the people, by means of baptism and church ordinances. This Synod is doubly significant. It demonstrates how deeply the English clergy are corrupted by the Romish taint—it shows that this powerful clerical corporation, emulating their brotherhood of the mother church, are determined to wrest their independence from the state, and at the same time to retain the enormous property with which the establishment is endowed. This independence means domination.
Close upon this Synod, the first since the Reformation, comes a motion for an address to the Queen, praying that the spiritual wants of the people may be better provided for; and the House of Commons assents thereto. The mover was the Marquess of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough, one of the most profligate of men, as was also his father, the last Duke. The Marquess has lately come out as a Church advocate. His deceased mother was a pious woman of a Scotch Presbyterian family, and his relative Lord Ashley is a man of personal piety. The Marquess may now be under religious influences; at all events he is zealous for the church, and was urgent, if not eloquent on the subject of spiritual destitution. He wants more bishops, and 600 more churches—the latter to cost about £2,000,000. What the former were to cost, who can say! He reckoned that half the money would be subscribed by voluntary private contributions. It was modestly hinted, *not* that the abused property of the Deans and Chapters of the cathedrals—*not* that the patronage of the Bishops, but that 700 livings in the gift of the crown, by the Lord Chancellor, should be sold to raise part of the funds for church building; and it was also hinted that those fat sinecurists the Deans might be made Bishops.
The motion drew forth statements respecting the administration of church property, the appropriations and leasings by bishops, the pluralties, the non-residence of highly paid clergy, the miserable stipends of curates, which ought to cover every advocate of the Establishment with shame. The mover spoke just as he might have done if there were no other religious agency in England but that of the Establishment. Sir B. Hall, in the course of a most damaging speech, showed that the net aggregate income of the episcopal sees is £1,344,170, including £636,387 for fines on leases; that six bishops, during seven years, had received £28,267 more than was allotted to the sees, and that there are due to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from three bishops, £14,225; making together £42,492, which ought to be now applied to the augmentation of small livings.

Charity, piety and indulgences.

While this cry is raised for "more Church," the Pope is seeking to provide for "spiritual destitution" in London. Two strange documents have appeared this week in connection with the design of "the Holiness of our Lord" the Pope. The first of these appeals to the piety and charity of Italians in order to the erection of a new Christian temple, to be called the church of St. Peter, in London. Gavazzi's orations and his continued labors among the Italians are evidently felt at Rome and thus referred to.

"The Italians, there most numerous, feel in an especial manner the loss they experience from the want of a church where they might freely assemble, and without expense listen to the holy mass; whence they are exposed to the painful alternative either of entirely neglecting all religious duties, or of frequenting protestant churches. This danger of losing the holy faith is still more manifest to them, because some of their apostate countrymen, stimulated by protestant gold, are trying every means to reduce them, and have lately opened a protestant temple for the Italians, which, to deceive and ensnare the simple, has been called, and bears on its façade, the lying title of 'Italian Catholic church.'"

The Pope's church is to be quite another affair:

"A church similar in its material construction to the ancient Christian temples; a church which, at the express wish of the Holy Father, will be dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter; a church (*Let it be noted!*) *which will be always governed by a congregation of Italian secular priests founded at Rome, that the Roman spirit may always influence the same.*"

And not to lose a truly popish trait, let the closing motive to piety and charity be presented:

"Finally, his Holiness himself, by his rescript to the holy congregation for propagating the faith dated March 9, 1851, has granted an indulgence of 100 days to whomsoever shall contribute any alms to this end."

This from the printing press of the Royal Apostolic Chamber—Rome, 1851.
The Archbishop of Florence takes up the Appeal, and sends it forth with health and benediction to his beloved people. He orders,

"That on the Sunday preceding the Festivals of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, the very reverend parish priests do announce to the people that on the said solemn occasion a subscription shall be made towards the building of the forementioned Catholic Italian church in London; and we propose that a similar collection shall also and especially be made in the churches of the religious orders of both sexes, in those of the asylums, confraternities, or other pious institutions, in such a way as may appear most fitting to those who preside over them."

The Archbishop does not forget the indulgences; he intimates that his Holiness

"Has deigned lately to grant an indulgence of 100 days to whosoever may recite three *Ave Marias* with, after each, the invocation *Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*, and plenary indulgence for one day, at their own choice to whosoever shall have recited them for one entire month, provided that, having confessed and communicated, he shall pray particularly for the Catholic church of England."

So that there can be little doubt that piety, charity, and *the indulgence* will obtain from the Italians the means of raising a miniature St. Peters in London.
Two or three days before, a Tuscan paper was remarking upon the case of Pakenham, through whose agency the distribution of Bibles has been carried on in Tuscany, and declaring semi-officially, and as if "the great powers" were behind the Tuscan government, that he, Pakenham, whom they have escaped, they are in great fear, but it appears to us this colony has more reason at present to fear a powerful tribe of savages on their south-west border.
Since I last wrote you, Port Natal has become quite a large and flourishing village. People of all sorts compose the population. What is most lamentable, those avenues to ruin in the shape of dram-shops are becoming numerous, and that strong "fire-water" which made such dreadful havoc with the bodies and souls of the North American Indians has begun its work of destruction among these natives. The heathen, when they behold the vices of the white men, are not slow to imitate them, and thus the influence of the faithful missionary is counteracted. When I think of the obstacles created by these things to the success of missionaries in this dark land, I am often forcibly reminded of the following remark made by Dr. Philip, the veteran missionary of the London Society:—"It is not the tiger springing from the thicket, *nor the snake in the grass, nor the sand of the desert, nor the ferocity of savages, which the missionary has to fear, but the cruel selfishness of civilized men and the spirit of the world.*"

J. T.

For the Independent.

THE TIME AND TEMPLE OF PEACE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

"I agree with him (Mr. Cobden) in thinking that there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the present for a demonstration of this nature, because we have now converted this country. I may say, into the Temple of Peace of the whole world."—*Lord Palmerston.*

There! that will do pretty well. And who could have expected so much so soon! There is a scope and compass of significance of the Crystal Palace order, in this sentence. Among the most auspicious and important of the coincidences that transpire in human affairs, is fitness of time and place to a great event or undertaking. "Time," said the eloquent Abbé Deguerry in his august and powerful speech in the Peace Congress at Paris, "Time is the prime minister of God's Providence!" And, surrounded and overarched with the bright manifestations of Providence in these latter days; with all the signs that betoken, and the songs that are greeting, the dawn of a new era, there are thousands and tens of thousands of prudent, far-seeing persons, standing with their backs to the future, and warning the friends of Peace that time is not with them,—that the time has not come to favor their efforts and realize their aim. Look into the columns of the London *Times*, which arrogates to its unstable temporeity some of the minor attributes of time. What has been its standing charge against the advocates of Peace and their efforts? Why, that they were "counting without their host;" that they were working in advance of time, and expecting and trying to realize the practicabilities of a distant age. And many sincere, Christian men have gone farther still, and said that our endeavors and expectations were outrunning the prophecies; that, in laboring to bring in an era of permanent and universal Peace, we were seeking to realize prematurely one of the prime conditions of the Millennium. It is a pleasant thing, and full of promise, therefore, that a statesman in Lord Palmerston's position, acting as janitor to the Temple of Janus, so far as its custody is consigned to Great Britain, has turned his face to the future, and read its auguries, and the indications of the present, with such clear-sighted and liberal interpretation, that he has not hesitated to arise in his place, in the foremost Parliament of the world, and say that, in his opinion, "there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the present for a demonstration of this nature." [What a full and unequivocal testimony this to the fitness of time. "There could not perhaps have been a more appropriate time than the *present* for a demonstration of this nature!"] Of what nature? Why, an effort to induce the British Government to adopt one of the measures advocated by the Peace Congress last year; to lead the leading nations of the earth, by simultaneous induction, into the path of mutual disarmament, and reciprocal confidence and amity. And is not the approaching Peace Congress "a demonstration of this nature?" Come now, all you hesitating and doubting, who profess to be as sincere friends of Peace at heart as its warmest advocates, let us reason together. You say, what you have said for years, that no one could be more honestly opposed to war than you, and that you intended to do something for its abolition, "when the proper time comes. *But*—" hold there!—no *but*, please. Are you really willing to lend a hand to this great work, even on the eve of its final consummation? To thrust in your silver-mounted sickles and reap the rich sheaves of a harvest which others, in patient faith, sowed almost in tears, in the midst of the sneers and jeering obloquy of the world? Are you willing to come in, even at the hour of triumph, and share the brilliant and bloodless spoils of the great vict

feel that we are charged with a message from God to their souls—as if we deeply felt the nearness, the vitality and unutterable importance of the verities of the eternal world, whither we are all going each beating pulse—as if we felt that men were really dead in sin, and the go-pel of Christ, with His good Spirit, the only possible remedy. If they remain out of Christ, we know they must perish forever. Hear the voice of one now sainted many years, but who still lives and speaks effectively:—"I seldom come out of the pulpit but my conscience smiteth me. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy, nor for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such careless, sleepy manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest or jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and so much misery is upon them and before them, and be no more affected with it? O, Lord! save us from the plague of hard-heartedness and infidelity, or how shall we be fit instruments of saving others?"

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 24.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES AND THE WEST.

Two important Conventions have recently been held at Chicago, the bearings of which upon the great missionary organizations, Home and Foreign, should be studied by the managers and friends of these Societies at the East. The two Conventions are indices of two distinct types of anti-slavery sentiment at the West, not antagonistic, but neither homogeneous nor parallel. Both these Conventions embodied much of the talent and influence of the western churches, though the preponderance of numbers and of forensic and popular talent, was in the second, or Christian Anti-Slavery Convention. The first Convention was less numerously attended and less obviously influential than its originators had hoped. This was owing partly to the fact that it was the first of its kind and was supposed to be intended to forestall the second. Many pastors and others prominent in the churches, some of whom had even signed the call for the Convention, absented themselves from its session, preferring to watch its development before committing themselves to its responsibility. Many who were favorable to the object specified in the call were suspicious as to its real intent. The second Convention was the second of a series, and appealing as it did to the most progressive sympathies and aims, it drew to itself a large class of zealous and earnest men who have a point to carry, a victory to win, or a martyrdom to gain. It was a unique body, an agglomeration of heterogeneous materials, rather impelled together by gravitation toward a common center than attracted by a mutual cohesion. Yet it was a body, which especially if it shall continue from year to year, the friends of religion can ill afford to despise. It had life and spirit, earnestness and persistence, and it will have power. The men who composed it were for the most part Christian men, and they met and acted in the fear of God. The *Prairie Herald* which does not at all sympathize with the doings of this Convention gives the following testimony to its character and spirit.

"In respect to ability—speaking ability—we have seen few gatherings equal to this. The number of forcible, effective, pungent speakers was large, and though a great portion of time seemed to be spent in talking over and debating side issues, and often merely incidental ones, yet there was a great deal of excellent speaking.

"The general spirit of the meeting too was harmonious and dignified. The prayer-meetings were among the best of their kind; and the singing was often such as was calculated to arouse every energy and emotion of the soul. In short there was every indication of men in thorough earnest, believing themselves engaged in God's work."

One of the first resolutions passed by the body, was in the following terms:

Resolved, That this is designed to be a Christian Convention, in spirit and action, and should be conducted as a religious convocation, attending to the business of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Each of these Conventions was presided over by a College President, the first by Pres. Sturtevant of Illinois College, the second by Pres. Blanchard of Knox College, who were perhaps selected respectively as the representatives of different opinions, sympathies, and interests. What then was the precise difference between the two bodies?

In the feeling of opposition to slavery and the conviction that this evil must be rooted out of the churches and discountenanced by all missionary associations, there was *no difference* between them. On these points the sentiment of Christians at the West is well nigh unanimous. The *Prairie Herald*, in expressing its dissent from the action of the Anti-Slavery Convention, says explicitly that "its dissent from these brethren, is not in regard to the *evils* themselves of which they complain, it relates almost wholly to the *remedy*." One Convention proposes to sustain the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, in the belief that their principles and action through God's blessing, will in the end subvert slavery in common with other forms of evil; the other deems it important to the overthrow of slavery that Christians should withdraw from all church organizations and all benevolent societies that are in any way complicated with the existence of that system. Much was said in the latter, of the duty of secession from churches that tolerate slavery, and the following resolutions were passed respecting organizations for missionary purposes:

"*Resolved*, That silence by a missionary body once connected with Slavery, in regard to that sin, implicates such body in the sin and guilt of the system.

"*Resolved*, That it is the duty of all Christians, who desire to propagate a pure Christianity among the heathen, to seek channels for their contributions which are disconnected with Slavery."

The intent of these resolutions was to discountenance farther coöperation with the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, on account of the supposed attitude of these bodies toward slavery, and to recommend the "American Missionary Association" and Societies organized on a kindred basis.

Now it is worthy of note that the first or Missionary Convention, composed as it was of friends of the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, was not one whit behind the Anti-Slavery Convention in its oppugnance to slavery. This feeling it was careful to embody in the very resolutions commendatory of these Societies. These resolutions were for substance as follows. First with reference to the Home Missionary Society:

"*Resolved*, In respect to the subject of American Slavery and its relation to the American Home Missionary Society, a subject which has been brought before this Convention, our opinions as individuals need not be expressed here. They have been developed elsewhere and in other relations. We should repudiate the American Home Missionary Society did we believe that it designed or that its operations tend in any wise to *strengthen* or *extend*, or prolong even, the existence of slavery. Our only hope that oppression will ever cease, rests, under God, on the influence of the Bible, the Christian ministry, and the prevalence of the love of Christ—and hence we believe that the diffusion through the South by this Society of the principles of liberty, baptized into the Spirit of Christ, is an instrumentality wisely adapted to melt off, most happily for all concerned, those chains which must else be broken off amid convulsions and blood.

"*Resolved*, That we highly approve the frank, manly and Christian sentiments of the Secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society in reply to a letter from a missionary, as published in the November number of the Home Missionary, (which letter we do not consider as representing the sentiments of the ministers of Missouri) and that we have entire confidence in the Secretaries, and Agents, and Missionaries of this beloved Society—that they will always and everywhere, under their responsibility to God, so preach Christ and exert their personal influence, as in their judgment will most effectually tend to overthrow oppression as well as all other forms of iniquity."

Even these resolutions were hardly strong enough to satisfy many in this, the *conservative* Convention of the West. Some wished a decided expression against aiding missionaries in churches where slaveholding is allowed. This is the feeling of very many at the West, who cannot be called 'ultra' men.

With reference to the American Board the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we have listened, with much satisfaction, to the statements of Rev. Dr. Pomroy, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., explanatory of the principles and method of conducting the Missions of that Board, which he represents; and also the sentiments of Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, respecting the practical operations of the Board in India; and that we most heartily approve its course, and commend it, and the work in which it is engaged, to the prayers and liberal support of all our churches, and of the entire Christian community."

Now one of the statements on which this action was based was as follows:

"As to the treatment of Polygamy, Caste and Slavery, the Secretaries give their opinions, and then leave the whole matter with the missionaries, where it *must* be left. Churches are independent organizations, and with their ministry must settle their own difficulties. No man in this country has a right to go to a church, and say 'put out that man,' or 'put in this man,' and no man has any more right to say so to a foreign church. The letter of Mr. Treat to the Choctaw Mission will be remembered. The sentiments of the letter are still those of the Secretaries, and the missionaries know it very well. *The Secretaries hope to see Slavery disappear from the churches*; but we never say to them, 'you must turn out this or that man, whatever *your* convictions may be as to his Christian character;' for this would be outrageous tyranny; as much so as if said to your churches here. Still the missionaries have said again and again, that they intend to carry out the suggestions of the Secretaries."

Other statements to the same effect were made in the form of question and answer, Dr. Pomroy being publicly catechized by the Convention:

"Q. Might not the Committee say to the Choctaw missionaries, we cannot sustain you if you take in slaveholders?

A. Yes.

Q. Why not do this?

A. The Gospel is preached to reform men. It sometimes takes a good while to do it effectually. If the Committee saw that the churches there were so corrupt as that there could be no hope of doing any further good, they might take that course.

Q. Is there any indication of progress in the right direction?

A. No very late intelligence, giving distinct data for certain opinions is at hand, but our belief is that there is.

Q. Are these Mission churches in a way to progress faster than other Southern churches?

A. They are. Their connection with Northern sentiment is more immediate.

Q. Do any missionaries hold slaves?

A. No.

Q. Has caste been 'baptized into the church?' or are there persons in the churches who have not renounced caste?

A. There never has been and is not now any such person.

Thus it appears that a Convention called for the very purpose of sustaining the two great missionary societies, stipulated as a condition of its support, that those societies are and shall be increasingly opposed in spirit and action to slavery.

We have now exhibited the phases of these two Conventions, which are also phases of the western mind. The difference between them is on a single point. It was thus happily stated by Dr. E. Beecher of Boston, in the Missionary Convention:—

"The time will come when Slavery must go out of the Church. It is a question of *time*. One party thinks that time has now come, and others think that so far as utter exclusion is concerned it has not; though they consider that these Missionary Boards are *bona fide* working to bring about the time. He was glad to say that at the East, between the old and new Boards there was no difficulty.—The old said to the new, 'God speed to you; do all the good you can.' He hoped that none but kindly feelings would be entertained where brethren differ, and that in particular the Convention soon to be held in this city would be regarded with brotherly kindness."

To this statement Dr. Pomroy entirely responded.

Here then are facts to be pondered. The sentiment of the western churches against slavery, is clear, decided, and unanimous. It will admit of no compromise with the system. With some, with *many*, and many too, who are most respectable in position, talent and influence, this feeling is so strong that it will not allow them to coöperate with any church or benevolent society that tolerates slavery. With others, and these the great mass of Christians at the West, this feeling is so strong that it barely allows them to remain in connection with such churches and societies, in the hope that these will make progress in anti-slavery sentiment, and will themselves contribute directly or indirectly to the overthrow of the system. The question is not at all as to dissolving all connection of churches and benevolent societies with slavery, but as to the best time and way of doing this, and as to the wisest and most efficient means of removing slavery itself from the land.

Societies whose headquarters are at the East, cannot expect to come before the western mind with that prestige of historical and circumstantial interest that here pertains to them. The Home Missionary Society, indeed, has two strong attachments in the western mind. It acts through local committees, so that western men in a measure participate in its counsels for their own field, and it acts for the West. The West feels its obligation to this Society, and will not throw it off for a slight cause. At the same time, the Society must not presume upon holding the West merely by the cords of gratitude. These alone now keep many in fellowship with the Society, under protest, whose intense anti-slavery feeling would otherwise lead them to discard it. Now, we do not think that the position of the Home Missionary Society is distinctly understood at the West; indeed we know that it is misunderstood. The Society would on no account and under no circumstances employ a slaveholder in its service. It never has done this knowingly, and it has revoked the commission of at least one who became a slaveholder, by marriage or inheritance, after having entered into its service. This principle of the Society is fixed; and it seems to indicate a determination to use the agency of the Gospel in peacefully abolishing slavery. There is in this fact a standing testimony of the Society against slaveholding, as inconsistent with Christian character.

The question of aiding non-slaveholding ministers in churches where slavery is yet tolerated, is one of much practical difficulty. In our personal relations to the Executive Committee, we feel the want of more light on the subject. At present we are strong in the conviction that with such men as many now in the service of the Society in the Southern and South-western field, wise, faithful and bold ministers of Christ, it is far better to retain them than to withdraw them. Shall we refuse the Gospel to those who are reputed to be sinners above all others? Shall a Missionary Society exercise church discipline? But the subject is too great for the Executive Committee to decide upon its limited responsibility. It may ere long be expedient to convene the Board of Directors for the deliberate and prayerful consideration of it. Meanwhile, let our brethren at the West possess their souls in patience.

The American Board has no hold upon the western mind, either through local committees or by benefits bestowed. Neither is it at the West the same grave, dignified, almost sacred body that it is at the East. In the West there is nothing imposing, nothing venerable. The American Board would be neither venerable nor imposing if transported beyond the Alleghanies. It would be conscious of a loss of dignity amid the vastness and freedom of the western world. The West cares nothing for honorary titles, nothing for historical associations, nothing for gray hairs. *Men*, thought, argument, action, power, alone can affect the western mind. The Board must do more than it has heretofore done to bring, not so much its corporate presence as its *great work* before the West. In this view, the visit of Dr. Pomroy and Mr. Ballantine to Chicago was timely.

Let not the action of these Western Conventions be slighted because they are western. The West is already strong; the West is growing, and it will be felt. It is to be regretted that there should be even a seeming antagonism between the older Societies and the American Missionary Association. That Association is in the hands of good men, and it is doing a good work. There is danger, however, that it will give such prominence to the anti-slavery element, that when slavery is ended its occupation will be gone. The Association should have more than one plank in its platform. If five years hence the restive portion of the New School Presbyterian Church shall have withdrawn from the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, and as a drastic element shall have purged those societies of all alliance with slavery, it will be most unfortunate if a false antagonism shall prevent the fusion of these with the American Missionary Association in one grand Society of the friends of liberty in Church and in State.

VOLUNTEER COLPORTEURS.

We would suggest to travelers the importance of being prepared to do good on the way, by having at hand a supply of the smaller publications of the Am. S. S. Union and of the Tract Society. Opportunities for distributing such books to advantage are constantly presented to the traveler, and especially to one who journeys through a somewhat destitute region. By bearing this hint in mind the multitudes of Christian travelers now journeying over the land may scatter widely the seeds of eternal life. Though you may be a liberal supporter of the Tract Society, do not content yourself with doing good by proxy. The opportunity to do good imposes the obligation to do good.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST EFFICACIOUS ONLY BY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

We can never cease to admire the wisdom and mercy of God, as exhibited in the person of Christ as our example. It is not abstract perfection which God has commanded us to attain, but it is a perfect resemblance to the character of Christ. We are imitative beings, and God has set before us, in the man Christ Jesus, an infinitely perfect model in our own human nature. We are to come to that, to copy that, to measure all other excellence by that. Everything but that is imperfect. The religion of the best of men has foreign ingredients to weaken its efficacy, if not to adulterate its purity. What may have been unnecessary gloom, arising from peculiarities of temperament, in Brainard, can never become piety in us: what may have been physical despondency in the beloved Martyn, cannot change us in nature, though some of us may imitate it as an excellence: what may have been nervous depression or excitement in Payson can never in us become a virtue, or minister to the depth and life of our religious exercises. And indeed, if we wish to possess and exhibit the qualities of any eminent Christian, whose character we greatly admire, we must be intimate unceasingly with the same Savior who was his example and support. Otherwise, the exhibition which we make of those graces will be but a mangled and miserable copy of what at first was only a faint imitation of Him who knew no sin. No mere reflection of his brightness should be suffered to intercept our steadiast gaze at the great fountain of all light and life.

It was a striking remark by one of the few heavenly minded historians, who have written of the Church of Christ, that to *believe*, to *suffer*, and to *love*, was the religion of the early Christians. It was such, because they so closely imitated Christ, walked in love as he also had loved them, and as he had for them laid down his own life, so they held themselves in readiness to lay down their lives one for another. It is just this self-forgetting, self-denying, loving spirit, which is especially inculcated and enforced upon us, in the imitation of our Savior. We are commanded to look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. And this, which is in fact only the Lord's comprehensive and heavenly rule of loving our neighbor as ourselves, is baptized anew, in an intenser medium, in the love and sufferings of Christ, in the family affection of his disciples one towards another in him, and for his sake.

We are not left to a mere general injunction; but when the apostle commands this benevolent regard to others, and proceeds to say, as defining it, Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, he goes on to state particularly what that kind of mind was, that peculiarity of excellence, that particular form of character, as developed in Christ, which he would have to be displayed in us. Nor does he fasten upon any particular quality or form of what, in this world, men had ever been accustomed to regard as virtue, or to practice as the illustration of a benevolent morality; but he rises at once from earth to heaven, he soars directly to that unimaginable hight of love, and depth of self-renouncing lowliness in Christ, with which there never was, and never can be, any manifestation of disinterestedness on earth to bring into a comparison. He rises at once to the sacrifice of the Lord of life and glory for his guilty ruined creature man. This is the display of love that he would have us imitate; this is the kind of character, entirely beyond the possibility of human attainment, as it might seem at first, which he would have us aspire to this Society, and will not throw it off possess, which indeed we *cannot* possess, except by being made partakers of Christ, but with which, by virtue of his own sufferings, and by the power of his own grace, even the creatures once at enmity against him, and hateful, and hating one another, may be endued.

So the first prominent characteristic pointed out in the example of Christ for our imitation is that of self-denying love, self-renunciation for the good of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being formed in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Now these are contrasts, for the reach and measurement of which there is no language, nay, to the full conception of which no created intelligence is adequate. The Lord of Life obedient unto Death! the God of glory baptized with suffering and shame! the uncreated and supreme Deity in the form of a creature and a servant! These ideas are so stupendous, and in their reach so unfathomable, so incomprehensible, that we stand gazing in mute wonder and awe before the expression of them, as hieroglyphics of a meaning and a glory which must be thus veiled, in order that any sight or conception may be admissible. And yet the significance is as plain, the lesson as manifest, the heart of the meaning as clear and palpable, as the simplest, commonest, most perfectly familiar and intelligible of the moral virtues or duties of humanity. The meaning, however *unfathomable* in vastness and glory, by reason of the incomprehensible greatness and grandeur of the Person investing it, is as *clear* as the sun; and the lesson and the appeal are overwhelming and direct beyond any other ever addressed, or that, as seems to us, ever can be, either to mortal or angelic intelligence. This mighty condescension it is ours to imitate, this infinite mind of love it is ours to possess and exercise.

But of this we might and must everlastingly despair, if left to ourselves, and thrown upon our own resources. For though the example of such infinite excellence comes to us in human form, and though the Divine glory and majesty are veiled as a reality, that we may not be dazzled and overwhelmed by it, but may come into an acquaintance with it, and may measure ourselves by it in Christ Jesus; yet we are so entirely alien from such a spirit, so bent and deformed against it, so native and inveterate in selfishness, so plunged and lost in the ocean of our guilt and woe, that such a mere example would have no more effect upon us than the sight of a phalanx of resplendent angels hovering over the deeps of hell could have upon its depraved and tortured inmates; could be of no more avail for us than it would be for a shipwrecked mariner, left alone and struggling all night long in mid-ocean, to behold with clearest vision, the unclouded sun rising out of the horizon, and flaming over the sea. If he could take the beams of the sun for his chariot, if he could lay hold upon those shafts of morning rays that fall upon him only to light up his misery, and reveal more clearly the hopeless ruin of his case, then indeed might the glory be to him not a vision of despair merely, but a medium of salvation.

And now suppose that as the orb of day blazes over the waste of waters, and the eye of the sinking, despairing, dying man, takes in at once both the glory of the scene, and the extent and certainty of his own ruin, the rays of light assume a power and form within him, enter into his soul, irradiate and envelope his frame, play upon his shoulders as wings, and give him a feeling and capacity of such conscious energy and impulse, that, gazing earnestly and intently upon the rising light, he finds its pinions unfolding from his body, bearing him up above the deep into which he was sinking, and giving him the disposition and the power to soar like an albatross, and fly to some hospitable shore of safety! Why this, even this, would be but an image of that investiture of glory and of power with which every dying, despairing sinner, is clothed, the moment the sun of righteousness rises on the soul; that mighty transformation into the capacity of imitating Christ, and that participation in the reality of his own holiness, which takes place with every guilty soul the moment it will look to Christ with faith. Then the chains drop off, then the powers and impossibilities of a selfish and inveterate depravity are conquered, then Christ himself begins to be found within the soul the hope of glory, then it rises from the depths of guilt, ruin, and despair, then it tries its pinions, and finds them, in humble dependence on the Savior, bearing it up above the waves, soaring away with it towards heaven, and holiness, and everlasting glory.

For God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

This is the experience of every guilty, lost, but believing soul. *Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!* No man ever yet truly beheld, understood, knew, or began to imitate, or even came into a *capacity* of imitating, the example of Christ, who did not behold him, with faith in him, as the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin. But with such faith, 'tis only look, and live! From that moment the imitation begins, for grace begins; from that moment, and never till then, the example of Christ becomes effectual to an increasing holiness. Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord. But those who deny or disregard his atoning, sacrificial sufferings and death for sinners, cannot and do not behold his glory, nor can they understand anything of the true power of his example; much less will they ever set themselves to the imitation of it. Hence the emphasis of the connection pointed out by the Apostle between all heart-felt obedience and a correct form of doctrine, as delivered to us of God. God be thanked that we have obeyed from the heart, *that form of doctrine* delivered unto you.

C.

THE LAW AGAINST GAMBLING.

At the extra session of the Legislature of New York a stringent law was passed for the suppression of Gambling. The passage of such a law at the regular session was complicated by an alleged attempt to bribe certain members against the bill, which was somehow lost or stolen. Its final passage is due in a good measure to the representations and appeals of the Anti-Gambling Association, and its Secretary, Mr. J. H. Green. The following is a brief abstract of the bill, condensed from an exchange paper:

"The keeping or letting of a room for gambling purposes subjects the offender, on conviction, to a fine of not less than fifty or more than five hundred dollars. For keeping a gambling table, or dealing in lottery tickets or policies, the offender is liable, on conviction, to punishment as a common gambler—the penalty being not less than ten days' hard labor in the penitentiary, or more than two years' confinement in the State prison, together with a fine of not more than one thousand dollars for the benefit of the common school fund. Magistrates are authorized to issue warrants for the search of persons and premises, with a view to the discovery of gambling apparatus, on the sworn affidavit of any citizen that there is reason to believe such search will lead to the seizure of such apparatus. Gambling implements so discovered, and the household furniture of the gambling establishment, in case of the conviction of the keeper, are to be considered forfeited, and the former are to be destroyed, and the latter sold to pay the costs of prosecution. If any surplus should remain, it is to be paid into the treasury of the county where the conviction shall have taken place. Persons who invite others to visit gambling-houses, are, upon conviction, liable to the same penalties as the keepers of the establishments themselves. Sheriffs, policemen, constables, and public prosecutors, who refuse to inform against persons whom they have credible reason to believe are offenders against the act, are to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, are to be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars. Owners, captains, and lessees of boats or floats where gambling is, with their knowledge, carried on, are if convicted, to be fined in like manner. The act is to take effect on the 1st of August."

We understand that the bill has made quite a fluttering among the gamblers. It remains for our citizens to put the act in force. If the police are recreant to their duty, we hope the Anti-Gambling Association will have the moral courage to undertake the work of ridding our community of these pests.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.—No. 1.

My dear Boy:—When I left you in the cars to go back alone to school, I told you to write me a letter every week, and promised that I would write as often to you. I have now concluded to print my letters to you and send them in the newspaper, in the hope that they will do good to other little boys as well as to my own. Do not be frightened at this for I don't intend to print your name, nor to tell who you are, or anything about you; and I shall not print any of your letters unless they happen to be very good, and then you won't be ashamed to see them in the paper.

You are now nearly nine years old, and you have gone away from home to school with other boys of your own age. Though I know that you are safe and happy, that you have a good, kind teacher, and that your health is better in the country than in the city, yet I feel sad to think that you are away from home. I am afraid that home will never seem to you exactly as it used to before you left it. Though you have moved from one house to another, you have never before been away from father and mother, and brother and sisters, to *live* in another place and with other people. Home was a place that you had never left. You knew of no other place to live in and be happy. But it is not so now, and it never can be again. I am sad about this sometimes, and I know that your mother feels more sadly about it than I do. I was older than you are when I first went away from home, and I remember how my mother cried about it, though I didn't know why then as well as I do now. I have never been home to live since that time, and now it is almost twenty years. I have only made visits to that home while I have lived somewhere else. This makes me feel sad sometimes, for home changes so, and by and by what was my home when I was a boy, will all be gone. But I know my boy, that you will always love your home; and that wherever you are and however happy you may be, you will think it would be better still if mother and father, and brother and sisters were there.

It seems strange to me that you have grown so tall and are away at school and are writing letters to me, when it was only the other day that I held you in my arms, and you were no bigger than your little sister. You will soon grow up, if you live, to be a man. But we cannot feel sure about that. You will remember the kind gentleman who sat in front of you in the car the other day. When I told him you were going to school and that in a few years I should send you to college, he sighed and said, "I used to feel and talk just so about my boys until God took them away from me." I felt sorry for him; but if his little boys were good boys and loved the Savior, they are now in heaven, in the "happy land," where they are much happier than they could be here, and their father ought to feel happy when he thinks of that.

I hope that you will live to be a man and to do some good in the world, and I shall do all I can to keep you well and strong. But I don't care so much about that as I do to have you a good boy, to have you do what is right. You promised me that you would read the Bible and pray to God every day. Now don't forget this my son. I know you are always glad to get a letter from your father, and you are never ashamed to let anybody see you reading it. Well the Bible is a letter from our Heavenly Father, and we ought to love to read it and to learn what He wishes us to do. Never be in such a hurry in the morning to go out and play, that you will forget to read in the Bible, or to thank God for taking care of you in the night, and to ask Him to take care of you by day; and never say at night that you are too tired to kneel down and ask God to forgive you what you have done wrong and to take care of you by night. You know that when I tell you to pray I do not mean that you should just *say over* "Our Father who art in heaven," or "Now I lay me down to sleep," but that you should think what you are saying, and remember that you are speaking to God and that God hears you. I dare say you think sometimes that you would like to ask me for something, but you have to write a letter and put it into the Post-office and then wait two or three days for an answer. But you can ask your Heavenly Father at *any* time to bless you and take care of you, and He hears you right away, as soon as you speak. When you get an answer to your letter, then you know that I have read yours, and when anything comes to you from home, you know that your mother and I are thinking of you and providing for you, though you cannot see us or hear us speak. Now when you wake up in the morning and find that you are well, that you have good things to eat, and kind friends to love you, and everything to make you happy, you should remember that God is thinking of you and providing for you though you cannot see Him, and you should feel glad and thank Him for it.

But this letter is long enough and I must stop or there will not be room for it in the paper. Next week I will write you another. Don't forget to write to

Your affectionate Father.

P. S. I have just received your letter and am glad that you took care of yourself so well; that when you got out at the depot, and did not find anybody waiting for you there, you hired a boy to carry your carpet-bag up to the house, instead of leaving it where it might have been stolen. *Two cents* was not very much to pay him for carrying it, but I suppose that you and he both thought it was a good deal.

COMMENCEMENT AT NEW HAVEN.

Commencement at Yale College will take place on Thursday the 31st inst., some four weeks earlier than the time appointed for several years past. This change is a good one alike for students, professors, and visitors. The meeting of the Alumni will take place on Wednesday morning.

New Haven will present better accommodations for visitors than heretofore, in the spacious new hotel on the corner of College and Chapel streets, under the supervision of Mr. Ives, the former popular keeper of the Pavilion.

Editorial Correspondence.

DIARBEKR—THE TIGRIS—MOSUL—NINEVEH.

Mosul, Wednesday, May 21, 1851.

Dear Brethren:—One wise counsel which should always be remembered by travelers in the Turkish empire, is, If you are particularly desirous to proceed on your journey with all practicable speed, do not betray that desire to anybody. Nobody in this country has any idea of time, or can sympathize in the least with your anxiety to save time. If you let it be known that you are in haste, everybody will take it for granted that you are some very extraordinary personage with whom piasters, in whatever quantity, are of no account whatever; and everybody will try to hinder you from getting along, in the full confidence that the more you are hindered the more you will pay.

After many vexatious delays at Diarbekr, more serious than we had encountered at any other place—we succeeded in getting away just about an hour before sunset, on Friday, the 9th of May. We floated down the Tigris on two rafts made of inflated goat skins tied together like so many India-rubber life preservers, and with a few small poles laid over them to keep us and our luggage from slipping through. Each raft was arranged in some approximation to a rectangular form, and was managed with two long heavy oars. Two Koordish oarsmen, working by turns, were employed on each raft. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and the children, with Salome and Susan occupied one raft, which had been fitted up with an extra number of poles for their accommodation. To me and my son with the two men-servants, the other raft was allotted, the luggage being divided as equally as possible between the two. Over the stern of each raft there was a slight frame of poles, which supported an awning for shelter from the scorching sun. We were accompanied from the mission house to the river by several of the Diarbekr Protestants, who waited till they saw us embarked and in motion.

And here I remember that in my last letter I said nothing about Diarbekr and the missionary work in that city. As I began to descend toward the Tigris from the high basaltic or volcanic ridge on the west, I was surprised to see so large and stately a city. No city which I have yet seen in the Turkish empire is more picturesque in the appearance which it presents to the traveler, from whatever quarter he makes his approach. Its high black walls, with numerous circular towers,—its minarets, some of them square and massive like the towers of a Gothic church, others round and slender,—the great domes that cover some of the more ancient mosques,—the irregular surface of the plain,—and the remote background of snowy mountains in the east, combined to make, as we approached, a picture of extraordinary beauty. And though, as in all other eastern cities, the contrast is great between the distant view and the interior inspection of the city, there is not a little within the walls that is well worth seeing. Fragments of ancient columns hewn from the black volcanic rock of the region, meet the eye in every street and at almost every corner. Several of the mosques appear to have been originally Christian churches, or at least to occupy the site and to have been built of the materials of ancient churches. One or two of them are extraordinary specimens of the fantastic magnificence of Saracenic architecture; and one in particular is richly adorned with columns of various marbles, which were probably first used in ancient pagan temples while Paganism was dominant, and then were collected to be the pride of a Christian cathedral, and at last were appropriated by the conquering Saracens.

The commerce of Diarbekr, though much less than tradition reports it to have been in former ages, is very considerable; and its manufactures, particularly of copper, still maintain their ground to some extent in an unequal competition with the products of European skill and machinery. The population is estimated at 15,000 houses, half of which are inhabited by Christians of almost all the oriental sects.

The little Protestant community in Diarbekr is at present without a missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Dunmore, who are expected to occupy that station, are now at Aintab; and till they shall have formed some acquaintance with the language and shall have been somewhat initiated into the missionary work, it is better that they should be at Aintab than alone at Diarbekr. Their lack of service is supplied by two native assistants who have their lodging in the house hired for the use of the mission. One of these assistants, Stepan or Stephen, a graduate of the Bebek seminary, was absent on a missionary tour when we arrived, and did not return till a few hours before our departure. I saw much more of the other, Ibrahim, and notwithstanding the difficulty of communicating with him, I could not but form a most favorable opinion of his diligence, his capacity and his piety. He was formerly an Armenian deacon, and has had his share of persecution for the sake of the Gospel.

We arrived at Diarbekr on Thursday, May 1. Friday evening there was a regular weekly service in the apartment which answers the double purpose of a school-room and a chapel. More than thirty persons were present beside those of our party. Ibrahim conducted the service throughout; he led in the song as well as in the prayer; and he preached a sermon which though I could not understand a word of it, was most evidently well studied, and was heard with unfailing attention. On the Lord's day there were three services. Of the first, at six o'clock in the morning, we had no notice till it was too late for us to attend, as we were then just assembled at our breakfast. The second service, at 11 A.M., was attended by about forty natives; the third service at 4 P.M., was attended by a somewhat smaller number. At each of these services Ibrahim preached a short but studied sermon; and again at another service, Tuesday evening. He spoke from a written outline, with numerous references to proof-texts which he read from the Armeno-Turkish Bible. The character of the Armenian Protestants everywhere is strongly marked by their diligent attention to the Scriptures. With them no argument is so conclusive as a proof-text; and their best preaching is that which appeals most to the Bible.

The necessity of knowing for themselves what the Bible testifies, stimulates the desire of learning to read. From morning to night, while we were in the mission house at Diarbekr, the chapel resounded with the noise of pupils, (children and adults,) conning or repeating their lessons. Some who seemed like working mechanics, came in at certain hours, when I suppose they were returning from their work, and occupied themselves for a while in reading together. It is well settled, and is fast coming to be well understood, wherever this Armenian reformation has extended, that the Protestant religion is distinguished from all others by its demands on the intelligent faculties of its disciples.

As we began to float down the river, we were struck with the beautiful aspect of the shore on either side, and especially on the right bank, where the numerous houses and gardens, as seen from the river, have an air of comfort which reminds the American traveler of home. Indeed, we could not but think that there was some resemblance between the banks of the Tigris at this point, and the banks of the Hudson.

We had hoped to make several hours of progress that evening, but the sun had not quite gone down when our rafts were brought to the shore and fastened for the night. There was no use in expostulation; so we spread our carpet on the grassy bank, and refreshed ourselves with our evening meal. Just below us, the river was crossed by a fine bridge of eight Saracenic arches; and along the bank was the best paved road that I have seen in any part of this empire. Going up to the level of the road, I found that our winding course for an hour along the river had brought us only a few minutes south of the walls of the city, which, in this last view of it, and in the splendid light of sunset, was more beautiful and imposing than I had ever seen it before.

It was not till six o'clock the next morning that our rafts were again in motion. The contractor with whom we made our bargain, had received an extra compensation in consideration of our starting on Friday; and for the sake of making that compensation sure, he had kept the word of promise to our ear, while for his own convenience he had broken it to our hope. Still it was something that we were on the river Friday night instead of being pent up within the walls of the city; and for that we were thankful, though we felt that the most oriental and honorable looking Turk had grossly cheated us. I must say that my own opportunities of observation have not enabled me to confirm the testimony of those travelers who commend the Mohammedans of this country as far more honorable and trustworthy than the Christians. Doubtless the Christian reputation under the Turkish government, oppressed and degraded as they have been for so many ages, are bad enough; but that Mohammedans are any better than they, I am not yet prepared to believe.

While we remained in Diarbekr, Mrs. Williams, though feeble, had been much better than she was when we arrived there, but on the first day of our voyage down the river, she was ill again—so ill that we were seriously alarmed. There was, however, no alternative but to press on. After once embarking on the Tigris, there is no turning back. Down go the rafts, now whirled about in some strong eddy from which they escape only by the utmost skill and strength of the oarsmen, now creeping over some smooth level, now tossed along the foaming rapids, and when they arrive at their destination, nothing remains but to take them to pieces, sell the poles, and carry the goat-skins back for another voyage. No other navigation was ever practiced on this river since the days of Nimrod; no other is likely to be introduced. The birch-bark canoes of our North-western Indians would descend the Tigris at all seasons but they would go back with great difficulty. No great river that I have ever seen is comparable with this for swiftness. Nor have I ever seen any river with banks more picturesque. The third day after the commencement of our voyage, the stream had become broader and deeper, and was cutting its way through high chalky cliffs which were pierced with multitudes of ancient tombs, inaccessible in front. On that day, repeatedly in the course of our voyage, we observed long galleries and staircases cut in the rock, and forming a communication from one cave to another. On Tuesday 13th, at sunrise, we passed the ruins of a great Saracen city, *Hassankef*, with remains of a grand high bridge of pointed arches having towers between the arches; the adjoining bluffs were of great hight, and were pierced with tombs and other excavations testifying, as I thought, that there had been a city on that spot before the age of the Saracens. Before noon the same day, the bluffs of limestone began to be interspersed with low hills of conglomerate, hardly less picturesque.

The next day in the afternoon, we arrived at *Jezireh*, below which point we were in danger, as we were informed, of being plundered by wandering Arabs. The necessity of procuring a guard, and of obtaining leave to pass through the bridge of boats which here crosses the river in place of a massive stone bridge of ancient times, used up the remainder of the day, and gave us the opportunity of learning that among the inhabitants of *Jezireh* there is one European exile. While we were working at our rafts and preparing them for their passage through the draw in the boat-bridge, a young man of prepossessing appearance came up and addressed us in French. He was an Italian, a Neapolitan by birth, and had served as a surgeon in the late revolutionary army of the attempted Venetian republic. At the disastrous close of the struggle, his first thought was to flee to America; but once he was disappointed by the want of money for his passage, and twice when just ready to embark he was baffled by attacks of disease. At last he was compelled to take refuge in Turkey, where he found himself in a condition not unlike that of the Hungarian fugitives—partly a guest, partly a prisoner. He spoke freely on religious subjects. Protestantism he called "the best religion," though he confessed he had never had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with it. He said that the Italian patriots suffer for want of a religion,—they could not believe in the Pope, and they had no means of knowing what true Christianity is. He described in strong terms the infidelity of the Turks, who have learned of the French a sort of atheism which they call "philosophy." In the evening, when we were more at leisure, he made us another visit, and his wife came to call upon the ladies. She is an intelligent and agreeable woman, a native of Malta, and was happy to converse with the ladies in her mother tongue, the Arabic, which is hardly less a foreign language in *Jezireh* than the Italian. The Turkish, the Koordish, and the Syriac, are the prevalent languages of this region. The Arabic is spoken in Mosul, and by the wandering Ishmaelites of the desert.

We began to move down the river the next morning, even before daybreak, with two soldiers sent by the governor of Jezireh for our protection till we should pass out of his jurisdiction. At *Beshabûr*, a little village about six hours down the river, the soldiers left us, and we hired six of the villagers to accompany us with their arms half way from there to Mosul, beyond which point there was, as they assured us, no danger. That night, for the first time, we went on without stopping, the water being now deep enough to be navigated by moonlight. In the middle of the night our guard left us, their contract having expired. They now told us that there was still danger for us, and were disposed to make a new bargain with us, but their demands were so exorbitant that we determined to dismiss them. About daybreak our raftsmen were alarmed and called us. Arabs were seen crossing the river on

tured gypsum. Here and there the gigan-
gures are cracked and calcined. In other
es, it seems as if the walls had been half
fied with the intense heat, and in that con-
n bent and distorted, while yet the most deli-
traces of the sculpture are preserved like the
tracks in the old red sandstone, or the fibres
leaf in the carboniferous slate.
ter finishing our climbing and creeping
ugh the excavations of Koyunjik, we as-
ed to the summit of the hill, and surveyed
extent of the enclosure, as one looks down
the cupola over the Exchange on the city
New Haven. Through the verdant line of
openings are visible at intervals, marking
ously the grand entrances to the city, or
properly the fortress or citadel in that ex-
ing great city of three days' journey. By
side of one of these openings, the mound
ls into a hill which has been extensively
ored by Mr. Layard. We rode across the
to that opening, and climbed the hill. Here
something like a grand temple by the gate,
it was never finished. The colossal sculp-
s stand, grand in outline, with the marks of
ool upon them, testifying that "the bloody
all full of lies and robbery," fell not by
decay, but suddenly from the hight of its
deur, while "the noise of the rattling of the
els and of the prancing horses and of the
ping chariots" was in "all the streets."
uch remains to be explored here. A small
y of workmen is still employed under the
eral direction of Mr. Rassam, the British
sul; but hereafter the progress of discovery
probably be slow. The rains of a few win-
will probably fill the trenches and galleries
in, and Nineveh, with the exception of the
ptures in the British Museum and a few scat-
d specimens elsewhere, will be buried once
e out of the sight of all men.
Nimrud, supposed to be the Larissa of Xeno-
n and the Resen of the book of Genesis,
ch was the scene of Mr. Layard's first dis-
eries and which has yielded some of the
st of the sculptures, is a long day's journey
n the river, and I have not been able to visit
Khorsabad, where M. Botta the Frenchman
le the earliest exploration, and whence he
ried away the sculptures which enrich the
ure at Paris, is a day's journey to the North-
t; and it is out of my power to go in that di-
tion.
am now just leaving this place in company
h Mr. Marsh, for *Oroomiah*, hoping to pro-
d thence with little delay to Erzrûm, Trebi-
d and Constantinople. When you will hear
m me again, I cannot predict. To the care
power of God I commit myself, trusting that
o in his fear and in his service.

Yours, constantly, L. B.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

My present communication must consist main-
of a story of disappointments, diversified, how-
r, by some (to me at least) pleasant coinci-
ces. The last I may as well give first, and
n go on to tell how I did *not* go to the Falls of
Anthony.
When Dr. Bacon had completed the twenty-
h year of his pastorate, he remarked that inas-
ch as in a quarter of a century he had never
his church for his own relaxation or enjoy-
nt, he thought he should now take a journey
newhere, but whether to *Jerusalem* or *Wiscon-*
he couldn't tell, and indeed, he didn't seem to
e. Though I postponed my own plans of a
eign tour to his, I had no thought of taking
rejected alternative of his journey, and com-
to Wisconsin. Yet here I am, not in Wis-
sin exactly, but on the Mississippi, its west-
boundary, and part-while in Iowa, which
recently was a part of Wisconsin territory.
d as I am inditing this epistle, I have just seen
tray copy of *The Independent* with a pastoral
er from Dr. Bacon, dated at Jerusalem. How
de the distance over which the personality of
e *Independent* is just now diffused! And I
uld not wonder if the very paper in which
s letter shall find a place should contain one
m my honored colleague at Nineveh;—he
ong the mounds of a perished civilization, the
ves of forgotten empires, and I amid the fresh
en life of a new State, with no trace of an-
uity, save here and there a mound of a race
parted but perhaps not yet extinct. If so, we
for the first time at antipodes!
This conjecture, which happens to be verified
to-day's issue, was by no means an after-
ought of the writer; but occurred to him and
s noted, while wandering among the old Indian
unds of the far West, as a pleasing illustra-
n of the manner in which steam and the mail
bringing the ends of the earth together, and
the extent to which a newspaper is now a
rror of the world. The East,—not the Atlantic
-board, but the glorious old East, the sunrise
the world, the hoary Past;—and the West,—
t the once occidental Gaul and Britain, but the
den sunset of the world, the land of which
den dreamed, the New, the Young, the Beau-
l—here stand and look each other in the face,
d blend their light.]
The same paper contains another letter from
. B., in which he describes his adventure in
ssing 'that ancient river Kishon,' by which his
ggage was wet and his Testament soiled. Alas,
r baggage is not yet dry and my Testament
rs many a stain from the waters of a less sa-
ed, but to me no less memorable stream;—Man-
u, the Indians called it; *Devil's Creek* is the
ite man's name, less euphonious, but more
aracteristic and expressive.
I set out from New York, having the Falls of
Anthony as my ultimate destination. I had
lesire to see the farthest outposts of civiliza-
n in the beginning of this half century; once
re to see the Indian in his native home—
ich must soon again be vacated—and by the
ry side of his wigwam, the rising city of the
ite man, with its mills and steamboats, its
egraph and newspapers, its schools and church-
. I had a wish also to inspect that new field of
issionary labor just opening in the New England
the West, and to bear back to eastern churches
appeals for timely and efficient cultivation.
t one who commits himself to the uncertain-
es of western traveling conveyances, should
ve no family, no church, no newspaper, no tie
engagement of any sort to limit him in the
est use of time; but should have at least as
ny spare days as dollars for his journey. A
culating mathematician can't travel at the
est.
My good friends at Jacksonville were regret-
g that I could not reach St. Louis in season to
n the party of Rev. Professor P. of that city,
d several members of his church on an excur-
n to the Falls of St. Anthony in the *Die Vernon*,
e best of Mississippi boats, with the best of
ptains, when Mr. —— entered the room, ex-
iming, "I've good news for you; the trip of
e Die Vernon is postponed till Wednesday."
That is good news, indeed," said I;—"to be
vored on such an excursion with a select com-
ny of Christian friends. I'll go down to St.
uis to-morrow." Next morning I telegraphed
St. Louis to secure a state-room on board the
e Vernon, and set off with such high expecta-
ns that on reaching pesty little Naples where
e small pox infested the miserable hotel, it was
discomfort to have to sit three hours on my
nk awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and
en to be poled out to the boat in a flat-bottomed
iff because the river had overflowed the streets
the town for half a mile. My ardor was damp-
ed a little, however, when I took up a St. Louis
per on board the boat, and saw that the excur-
n trip of the Die Vernon was again postponed
Thursday; but this I thought was only to
ke up her complement of passengers. On
ednesday morning, hardly waiting for break-
st at the "Planters," I sallied forth to make all
re about the excursion.
"Is Prof. P. in?" "No sir, he is out of the
y." "Well I suppose he'll be back in season
go in the Die Vernon to-morrow." "Oh, she
n't sail to-morrow; it's put off."——"Put—off!
ll when pray?" (*A voice within.*) "Till a
ek from next Tuesday." "Thank you," said
though I have no distinct recollection of what

I was thankful for. Thus vanished that splen-
did excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony, with a
goodly company of Christian friends, including
one whom I most wished to see and to enjoy.
But my excursion was not to be abandoned so
lightly as the Die Vernon's. 'The *Nominee* leaves
Galena for the Falls every Monday afternoon,
and her captain Smith is one of the best represen-
tatives of that worthy name, a skillful navigator,
a polite gentleman, and a strict observer of the
Sabbath. It is now only Wednesday, and I can
reach Galena, some four hundred miles, by Sat-
urday.' Off I went to the levee—or rather what
was once the levee, but now a huge bayou of the
flooded Mississippi—to take passage in a Galena
packet. "No packet out for Galena to-day, sir;
two went yesterday; no more till Saturday;
boats lying by on account of high water; wood
very dear, freight scarce, won't pay."
Here was a complete balk; however 'half a
loaf is better than no bread,' so I took the packet
for Keokuk, Iowa, about 160 miles up the river, at
the foot of the rapids, in the vague hope of overtak-
ing there a boat for Galena. Among my fellow
passengers were several with a like expecta-
tion;—a good friend from New York entered
heartily into my disappointment and my efforts to
retrieve it. I pitied, however, more than myself,
a young Englishman, traveling for pleasure, who
had paid $25.00 for his fare on the *Die Vernon*,
and had already been some ten days awaiting her
departure. I began to understand the proverb,
"He lies like a steamboat captain." We reached
Keokuk on Thursday evening about six hours be-
hind our time. "Any boat here for Galena?" was
the first inquiry. "No sir, last one went up this
morning." "When do you expect another?"
"Can't say: 'spect the *Die Vernon* along every
day; she's going on an excursion up to St.
Pauls." "*Is* she," said I, to whom this name
had become sufficiently odious. It was raining
heavily and the night was dark, but my friend
and I soon found comfortable quarters at the *La
Clede* House, and leaving orders to be called for
any up-river boat that might come along in the
night, we were soon in the arms of sleep. Our
sleep was undisturbed; and what with calling on
the minister, visiting the school and the book-
store, making geological inquires, writing letters
and enjoying the kind attentions of our good
host of *La Clede*, the dull, rainy Friday passed
off pleasantly enough. Friday night passed too
and no boat. Saturday morning we reasoned on
this wise: 'The boat that leaves St. Louis this
afternoon will reach here to-morrow when we
would not go on board. Let us therefore push
head by land far enough to spend the Sabbath
quietly and then take the boat on Monday morn-
ing.' So we concluded to go by stage to Burling-
ton, distant forty-five miles. Ominous was the
shaking of heads among old stagers and teamsters
as they heard our decision. "You'll get enough
of staging over these roads; bridges all down,
chuck-holes, sloughs." Even the agent would
not guaranty that we should get through to Bur-
lington, much less would he insure our lives and
limbs. One man strongly urged me to wait and
take passage in the Die Vernon which was com-
ing up on an excursion to St. Pauls. He knew
she would be along by Tuesday for he was en-
gaged to pilot her. I meekly replied that I hoped
he had the means of paying his board until she
came. In short we were inflexible, and at 7 A.M.
took our stage in a drizzling rain. The first eight
miles proved to be quite passable and we began
to chuckle over the prophets of evil omen; but
presently the face of things decidedly changed,
and we saw that we must prepare for rough
work. Our party consisted of a Missourian who
had just returned from California and whom we
dubbed California, a Cincinnati merchant who
went by the name of his abode, a Hibernian, call-
ed Patrick, my friend and myself. We had been
warned of the Devil's Creek, and Cincinnati, who
was a great wag, had expressed a strong disincli-
nation to end the voyage of life in so uncouth
a stream. But cross it we must; the bridge was
gone, so we were carried up the bank three miles
to find a fording place. Hard riding that, over
stumps and through brakes and bushes—but we
are at the ford. The driver hesitates a moment
on the brink; crack goes the whip, down plunge
the horses; the stage reels in the swift, boiling
current: against the remonstrance of the driver,
Cincinnati insists upon getting 'on deck' and drags
himself through the window to the top of the stage;
both doors are held open that we may escape on
either side; "the horses are swimming" shouts
Patrick; in an instant the water is in the stage
up to the seats; can the horses stem the current?
can they drag us up the steep bank on the other
side? here we go—over, over, not quite—right
up, we gain the bank: but another branch re-
mains, and in we go again and plunge and swim
and reel and rear through

"Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death."

till at length the Manitou is crossed. In the
suddenness of our plunge, my valise, which had
been put inside the coach on account of the rain,
was quite forgotten, till Patrick dragged it out
from under the seat, dripping wet, and poured
out from it a gallon of yellow water. Linen and
hose, manuscript sermons, Bushnell's "Christ in
Theology," maps and Testament,—how fared ye
in that unsanctified dipping in the Devil's Creek!
No wonder the Indians called this troubled stream
Manitou—the Evil Spirit.
By three o'clock we had come twenty miles,
and a dinner at Fort Madison proved not unwel-
come. Here we learned for our discouragement
that the mail-stage from Burlington had not come
through for two days—which made our prospects
dubious for the remainder of the journey. But we
voted to go forward, and with the exception of
getting stalled now and then in deep mire, we
had no adventures during the afternoon. Our
ride was enlivened by a pleasant discussion of
the question. The Missourian remarked that he
was going to buy a farm in Iowa, because he
wouldn't bring up his family in a slave State.
He was himself a slaveholder, but he character-
ized slavery as an 'infernal' system, a curse to
any State. He said that he would sell off his
'niggers' and move north. I put in a plea for
the emancipation of the negroes. No, he must
have his money's worth for them. I suggested
that perhaps he had had more than this already.
He vowed that he would never own another nig-
ger, and didn't think it right to buy one. I ask-
ed him how it could be right for me or any one
else to buy his. Oh, he must 'get his money
back.' Now, here was a slaveholder, with no
principle or humanity in the case, but from mere
considerations of expediency, determined to eman-
cipate himself and his children from the curse of
the system.
Cincinnati then informed us that he had left
his native State of North Carolina years ago in
order to get out from under that deadly incubus;
and he then expatiated most eloquently upon the
evils of the system. Patrick here volunteered
the opinion that "niggers ought to be sent back
to their own country." "But that," said I,
"would hardly accord with the spirit of our in-
stitutions. I see every day in New York num-
bers of wretched, ignorant creatures, who have
come over in ships perhaps from the pauper-
houses of Europe, whose skin is not black, but
whose persons are most filthy and offensive; yet
we don't say, 'send them back to their own coun-
try, they can't rise and get a living here;' editors,
ministers, politicians don't say, 'send them back;'
we welcome them and give them a chance to earn
a living. If anybody is to be sent out of the
country as a nuisance, it is hardly fair to begin
with the negro, for he was born in the country.
This is his native land, and he has a right to stay
here. If any are to be sent back, we must be-
gin somewhere else." Patrick modestly declined
any farther observations on the negro race.
To return from this episode. At about six
o'clock we reached Skunk river, nine miles south
of Burlington. We knew that the river was
much swollen and that the bridge had been carried
away, but were assured that we would find there
a ferry-boat and a stage awaiting us on the other
side. First of all, we waded a quarter of a mile
through a marsh (or an overflowed bottom), sink-
ing up to our calves in mud; this brought us to
the margin, not of the stream, but of the wooded
bottom that the stream had overflowed. Here
we halloed for the ferryman, but for half an hour
we uttered most unwonted noises without getting
any response. At length Cincinnati and Patrick
waded down stream in quest of a skiff, and suc-
ceeded in finding one, for which they bargained
with the owner in behalf of the company. The
driver tried to persuade us to take the mail over,
but we declined all responsibility for Uncle Sam.
That was a novel navigation through the
woods, shooting now this side of a great tree,
now that, and now bending low to avoid the
branches, but at last we struck the current, and
a few hasty strokes brought us safely over. We
found no stage; the ferryman sick, and his as-
sistant gone with his wagon to carry a passenger
to Burlington. The mail could not come through,
but the ferryman's wagon could go through on a
private speculation. We walked half a mile to
the nearest farm-house, where we partook of a
supper that at another time we should not have
relished as well. Here another council was held,
and we resolved to go forward if a conveyance
could be had. The farmer objected that it was
late and dark, and the roads bad, but the promise
of good pay induced him to gear up a team in a
lumber-wagon without springs, and we set out
for a repetition of the day's adventures. The
nine miles were accomplished in three hours,
which brought us to Burlington before midnight.
But here arose a new dilemma. Burlington is
divided into two parts, separated by a creek.
This creek had risen, the bridge was gone, and
the lower town much under water. Yet we were
dumped with all our luggage in the street by the
side of this bridgeless creek, the hotels being on
the other side. At length California succeeded
in waking up a ferryman, and, weary and worn,
we reached the hotel before twelve o'clock. I
ordered a fire, dried my clothes, and was asleep
before the small hours came on.
The Sabbath at Burlington was pleasant and
profitable. Late in the afternoon a boat for Ga-
lena came along, which many took, but we of
course did not. Early Monday morning I was
called for the *Silas Wright*. 'The *Silas Wright*,
thought I—a good name, the much-lamented can-
didate of free hearts for the Presidency—she
must be a good boat.' I went on board and
sought a state-room; but being repelled from it
by its noisome filth and its preoccupancy by
cockroaches, I dozed out the morning in a chair.
But what a boat! Wretched, crazy, filthy, cover-
ed with vermin, slow, the table so miserably
spread that for thirty-six hours I lived on stale
crackers and muddy water, the passengers all of
the rough and tumble sort, the crew so awfully
profane that Pandemonium seemed let loose—my
memories of the Silas Wright are those of a
horrid nightmare. On Tuesday morning we
reached Galena. The *Nominee* had gone up the
river a few hours before with a most goodly com-
pany of passengers, and my voyage was up.
Should I wait for the Thursday's boat, the keeping
of the Sabbath would require from ten days to a
fortnight to visit the Falls. I thought of home,
the family, the pulpit, the wished-for communion
season, and I made up my mind decidedly that
the Falls of St. Anthony were not worth seeing,
at high water, that the land in Minnesota was
not to be compared with that in Iowa, Illinois
and Wisconsin, that the missionaries up there
were no better than other men, and as for the In-
dians, that I could see better specimens in Cat-
lin, Schoolcraft and Pritchard in the library at
home—so homeward I turned with right good
will.
I have thought that thus much of personal ad-
venture might give a picture of western life. Of
men and places on the river I shall speak hereaf-
ter. Adieu to the Falls of St. Anthony!

T.

P. S.—I was credibly informed at Galena that
the *Die Vernon* was expected up the river on an
excursion, and was advised to wait for her. But the
last I heard of her she was still *lying* at St. Louis,
waiting to carry government freight to some In-
dian powwow in July. Will some friend in that
city see whether my state-room is still reserved,
and whether "Post's party is in the boat"?

LOST VOLUMES.—Any person who may have borrowed from this office, or from the study at the Tabernacle, a bound volume of the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for 1833, and a bound volume of the *National Preacher*, embracing vols. 17 and 18, or who may know the whereabouts of said volumes, will confer a favor by returning them to their lawful owner, or by giving such information as shall lead to their recovery.
Let the consciences of all book-borrowers be aroused to a thorough search of libraries, desks, nooks and crannies!
Any person having for sale an odd volume of the *Spectator* for 1833, bound or unbound, will receive a good price for it at this office in case the lost volume is not found.

Rev. Edgar Perkins, late of Lockport, has been appointed agent of the American Sunday School Union for Central New York, to reside at Syracuse, where he may be addressed on any business pertaining to the work in which he is engaged.

PRESBYTERIANS, OLD SCHOOL AND NEW.—The published statistics of these two respectable bodies for the year 1851 compare as follows:

	O. School.	*N. School.*
Synods	28	21
Presbyteries	144	104
Candidates for the ministry	381	64
Licensed preachers	287	140
Ministers	2,027	1,489
Churches	2,675	1,879
Members added by examination	10,852	5,090
" " on certificate	7,892	4,203
Whole number	210,308	140,060
Baptized adults	2,918	1,696
" infants	10,984	4,976
Ministers died	29	31

COLLEGES.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y.—This institution has at length succeeded in recovering the entire amount of the legacy left by the will of the late James Roosevelt, Esq., the Court of Appeals having, at its late term at Elmira, reversed the decisions of the courts below. The result is thus announced:
"Gardiner G. Howland and others *vs.* The Union Theological Seminary, &c.
"Decree of the Superior Court of the city of New York reversed in the particulars to which the appeal relates, and the appellants declared to be entitled, under the will of James Roosevelt, deceased, to those portions of the estate of the testator by which the decree appealed from were declared to belong to James Roosevelt Bayley."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—Commencement, July 16. Graduates, A.B. 61; M.D. 23; Bachelors in Science 4; in Law 28; M.A. 42. Honorary D.D on Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, Rev. John Adams Albro, of Cambridge, Rev. Rufus Phinea Stebbins, of Meadville, Penn., Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, of New York. LL.D. on Gov. Boutwell, Hon. B. F. Dunkin, Chancellor of S. C., J. J. Crittenden, Attorney General U. S., Col. Sylvanus Thayer, Prof. A. D. Bache, Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and John A. Lowell. Upwards of 70 presented themselves for admission to the next class. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D., of Albany. The poem announced to be delivered by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston, was omitted in consequence of a most sudden and afflictive domestic calamity—the death of the poet's wife, which occurred last Sunday. Rev. John Pierpont, at the last moment, assented to a request to that effect, and delivered his poem on "Progress." Only five graduated from the Divinity School. The Providence *Journal* remarks:
"We believe that the divinity schools all over the country are but feebly supported by students. It is in divinity that the greatest amount of gratuitous instruction is given, and in this that the smallest results, in point of numbers, are produced."

BROWN UNIVERSITY, R. I.—Commencement July 9. Oration on Tuesday before the Society of Inquiry, by Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford. Degrees, A.B. 32; B.P. 1; M.A. 10. Honorary A.M. on Signor Urmeneta, Minister of Finance in Chili, who received a part of his education in this college; D.D. on Rev. Solomon Peck, of Boston; L.L.D. on Zachariah Allen, of Providence, and Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of Norwich. The friends of the "New System" consider its success thus far quite satisfactory, and a large class is expected in September. Already 22 young gentlemen have entered from Providence alone.

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, N. Y.—Commencement July 9. Judge Harris presided as Chancellor. Graduates 10. Honorary A.M. on Rev. J. S. Backus, H. E. Peck, and L. H. Morgan; D.D. on Rev. W. Dean, Missionary in China, and Rev. Henry W. Lee, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester; L.L.D. on Gov. Hunt and Judge Addison Gardiner. The theological department held its anniversary on Thursday, when six young men delivered addresses, and Dr. Conant pronounced his inaugural oration; subject, "The Claims of Sacred Learning." On Wednesday evening the rooms in the college building were thrown open on a general invitation for the "friends of the college" to the chancellor's levee—an excellent substitute for the costly, comfortless, and exclusive "commencement dinner." The N. Y. *Recorder* says:
"In looking over the history of the movement since the time that the subscription for the endowment was commenced (one year ago last January), we cannot but see the hand of divine Providence throughout.
"We have here a University respectably endowed, with a complete and able Faculty, a class of ten just graduated, and with *more students for the ministry on its list than any Baptist College in the world.*
"The building which was purchased for the present purposes of the institution, is, in the opinion of good judges, a most excellent investment, it even now being valued much above the price paid for it. We are happy to see that our friends are determined not to pile up their endowment in brick and mortar. They will not, for some time yet to come, need any better conveniences than they now have. A college does not consist in buildings, but in libraries, apparatus, professors, and funds sufficient to meet all necessary expenses in a prompt and liberal manner."

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, KY.—The Louisville *Recorder* thinks that this institution "is destined to be *the* college of Kentucky." It has an endowment of $40,000; and during the year just closed, had 60 or 70 students, besides 70 or 80 in the preparatory department.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OHIO. — Commencement June 26. Graduates 12. Prospects brightening, confidence restored, hopes encouraged, embarrassments giving way.
"The trustees expressed their entire satisfaction with the fidelity and the ability of the Faculty; their gratification at the high tone of moral and religious feeling in the institution, and their high gratification in the prospects of success which appear in its friends. The venerable Dr. Bishop [Ex-President] was present by special invitation, and delivered a brief but solemn and impressive address to the Alumni and the audience."

LEWISBURG UNIVERSITY, PA.—Rev. Howard Malcom, D.D., who has been two years pastor of the Sansom-street Baptist Church in Philadelphia, has announced to his people his intention to resign, for the purpose of accepting the presidency of this institution.

FOREIGN.

Our English correspondent writes, July 3d:

THE FREE TRADE PARTIES IN FRANCE.

"A discussion in the Chamber of Deputies has attracted considerable attention this side of the water. Mr. St. Beuve proposed the introduction of free trade principles into France. He argued against the unjust inequality of "protection," against the absurdity of taxing meat, by which the the family, the pulpit, the wished-for communion season, and I made up my mind decidedly that the Falls of St. Anthony were not worth seeing, at high water, that the land in Minnesota was not to be compared with that in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, that the missionaries up there were no better than other men, and as for the Indians, that I could see better specimens in Catlin, Schoolcraft and Pritchard in the library at home—so homeward I turned with right good will.

I have thought that thus much of personal adventure might give a picture of western life. Of men and places on the river I shall speak hereafter. Adieu to the Falls of St. Anthony!

T.

P. S.—I was credibly informed at Galena that the *Die Vernon* was expected up the river on an excursion, and was advised to wait for her. But the last I heard of her she was still *lying* at St. Louis, waiting to carry government freight to some Indian powwow in July. Will some friend in that city see whether my state-room is still reserved, and whether "Post's party is in the boat"?

LOST VOLUMES.—Any person who may have borrowed from this office, or from the study at the Tabernacle, a bound volume of the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for 1833, and a bound volume of the *National Preacher*, embracing vols. 17 and 18, or who may know the whereabouts of said volumes, will confer a favor by returning them to their lawful owner, or by giving such information as shall lead to their recovery.
Let the consciences of all book-borrowers be aroused to a thorough search of libraries, desks, nooks and crannies!
Any person having for sale an odd volume of the *Spectator* for 1833, bound or unbound, will receive a good price for it at this office in case the lost volume is not found.

Rev. Edgar Perkins, late of Lockport, has been appointed agent of the American Sunday School Union for Central New York, to reside at Syracuse, where he may be addressed on any business pertaining to the work in which he is engaged.

PRESBYTERIANS, OLD SCHOOL AND NEW.—The published statistics of these two respectable bodies for the year 1851 compare as follows:

	O. School.	*N. School.*
Synods	28	21
Presbyteries	144	104
Candidates for the ministry	381	64
Licensed preachers	287	140
Ministers	2,027	1,489
Churches	2,675	1,879
Members added by examination	10,852	5,090
" " on certificate	7,892	4,203
Whole number	210,308	140,060
Baptized adults	2,918	1,696
" infants	10,984	4,976
Ministers died	29	31

COLLEGES.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y.—This institution has at length succeeded in recovering the entire amount of the legacy left by the will of the late James Roosevelt, Esq., the Court of Appeals having, at its late term at Elmira, reversed the decisions of the courts below. The result is thus announced:
"Gardiner G. Howland and others *vs.* The Union Theological Seminary, &c.
"Decree of the Superior Court of the city of New York reversed in the particulars to which the appeal relates, and the appellants declared to be entitled, under the will of James Roosevelt, deceased, to those portions of the estate of the testator by which the decree appealed from were declared to belong to James Roosevelt Bayley."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—Commencement, July 16. Graduates, A.B. 61; M.D. 23; Bachelors in Science 4; in Law 28; M.A. 42. Honorary D.D on Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, Rev. John Adams Albro, of Cambridge, Rev. Rufus Phinea Stebbins, of Meadville, Penn., Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, of New York. LL.D. on Gov. Boutwell, Hon. B. F. Dunkin, Chancellor of S. C., J. J. Crittenden, Attorney General U. S., Col. Sylvanus Thayer, Prof. A. D. Bache, Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and John A. Lowell. Upwards of 70 presented themselves for admission to the next class. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D., of Albany. The poem announced to be delivered by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston, was omitted in consequence of a most sudden and afflictive domestic calamity—the death of the poet's wife, which occurred last Sunday. Rev. John Pierpont, at the last moment, assented to a request to that effect, and delivered his poem on "Progress." Only five graduated from the Divinity School. The Providence *Journal* remarks:
"We believe that the divinity schools all over the country are but feebly supported by students. It is in divinity that the greatest amount of gratuitous instruction is given, and in this that the smallest results, in point of numbers, are produced."

BROWN UNIVERSITY, R. I.—Commencement July 9. Oration on Tuesday before the Society of Inquiry, by Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford. Degrees, A.B. 32; B.P. 1; M.A. 10. Honorary A.M. on Signor Urmeneta, Minister of Finance in Chili, who received a part of his education in this college; D.D. on Rev. Solomon Peck, of Boston; L.L.D. on Zachariah Allen, of Providence, and Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of Norwich. The friends of the "New System" consider its success thus far quite satisfactory, and a large class is expected in September. Already 22 young gentlemen have entered from Providence alone.

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, N. Y.—Commencement July 9. Judge Harris presided as Chancellor. Graduates 10. Honorary A.M. on Rev. J. S. Backus, H. E. Peck, and L. H. Morgan; D.D. on Rev. W. Dean, Missionary in China, and Rev. Henry W. Lee, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester; L.L.D. on Gov. Hunt and Judge Addison Gardiner. The theological department held its anniversary on Thursday, when six young men delivered addresses, and Dr. Conant pronounced his inaugural oration; subject, "The Claims of Sacred Learning." On Wednesday evening the rooms in the college building were thrown open on a general invitation for the "friends of the college" to the chancellor's levee—an excellent substitute for the costly, comfortless, and exclusive "commencement dinner." The N. Y. *Recorder* says:
"In looking over the history of the movement since the time that the subscription for the endowment was commenced (one year ago last January), we cannot but see the hand of divine Providence throughout.
"We have here a University respectably endowed, with a complete and able Faculty, a class of ten just graduated, and with *more students for the ministry on its list than any Baptist College in the world.*
"The building which was purchased for the present purposes of the institution, is, in the opinion of good judges, a most excellent investment, it even now being valued much above the price paid for it. We are happy to see that our friends are determined not to pile up their endowment in brick and mortar. They will not, for some time yet to come, need any better conveniences than they now have. A college does not consist in buildings, but in libraries, apparatus, professors, and funds sufficient to meet all necessary expenses in a prompt and liberal manner."

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, KY.—The Louisville *Recorder* thinks that this institution "is destined to be *the* college of Kentucky." It has an endowment of $40,000; and during the year just closed, had 60 or 70 students, besides 70 or 80 in the preparatory department.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OHIO. — Commencement June 26. Graduates 12. Prospects brightening, confidence restored, hopes encouraged, embarrassments giving way.
"The trustees expressed their entire satisfaction with the fidelity and the ability of the Faculty; their gratification at the high tone of moral and religious feeling in the institution, and their high gratification in the prospects of success which appear in its friends. The venerable Dr. Bishop [Ex-President] was present by special invitation, and delivered a brief but solemn and impressive address to the Alumni and the audience."

LEWISBURG UNIVERSITY, PA.—Rev. Howard Malcom, D.D., who has been two years pastor of the Sansom-street Baptist Church in Philadelphia, has announced to his people his intention to resign, for the purpose of accepting the presidency of this institution.

FOREIGN.

Our English correspondent writes, July 3d:

THE FREE TRADE PARTIES IN FRANCE.

"A discussion in the Chamber of Deputies has attracted considerable attention this side of the water. Mr. St. Beuve proposed the introduction of free trade principles into France. He argued against the unjust inequality of "protection," against the absurdity of taxing meat, by which the the family, the pulpit, the wished-for communion season, and I made up my mind decidedly that the Falls of St. Anthony were not worth seeing, at high water, that the land in Minnesota was not to be compared with that in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, that the missionaries up there were no better than other men, and as for the Indians, that I could see better specimens in Catlin, Schoolcraft and Pritchard in the library at home—so homeward I turned with right good will.

I have thought that thus much of personal adventure might give a picture of western life. Of men and places on the river I shall speak hereafter. Adieu to the Falls of St. Anthony!

T.

P. S.—I was credibly informed at Galena that the *Die Vernon* was expected up the river on an excursion, and was advised to wait for her. But the last I heard of her she was still *lying* at St. Louis, waiting to carry government freight to some Indian powwow in July. Will some friend in that city see whether my state-room is still reserved, and whether "Post's party is in the boat"?

LOST VOLUMES.—Any person who may have borrowed from this office, or from the study at the Tabernacle, a bound volume of the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for 1833, and a bound volume of the *National Preacher*, embracing vols. 17 and 18, or who may know the whereabouts of said volumes, will confer a favor by returning them to their lawful owner, or by giving such information as shall lead to their recovery.
Let the consciences of all book-borrowers be aroused to a thorough search of libraries, desks, nooks and crannies!
Any person having for sale an odd volume of the *Spectator* for 1833, bound or unbound, will receive a good price for it at this office in case the lost volume is not found.

Rev. Edgar Perkins, late of Lockport, has been appointed agent of the American Sunday School Union for Central New York, to reside at Syracuse, where he may be addressed on any business pertaining to the work in which he is engaged.

PRESBYTERIANS, OLD SCHOOL AND NEW.—The published statistics of these two respectable bodies for the year 1851 compare as follows:

	O. School.	*N. School.*
Synods	28	21
Presbyteries	144	104
Candidates for the ministry	381	64
Licensed preachers	287	140
Ministers	2,027	1,489
Churches	2,675	1,879
Members added by examination	10,852	5,090
" " on certificate	7,892	4,203
Whole number	210,308	140,060
Baptized adults	2,918	1,696
" infants	10,984	4,976
Ministers died	29	31

COLLEGES.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y.—This institution has at length succeeded in recovering the entire amount of the legacy left by the will of the late James Roosevelt, Esq., the Court of Appeals having, at its late term at Elmira, reversed the decisions of the courts below. The result is thus announced:
"Gardiner G. Howland and others *vs.* The Union Theological Seminary, &c.
"Decree of the Superior Court of the city of New York reversed in the particulars to which the appeal relates, and the appellants declared to be entitled, under the will of James Roosevelt, deceased, to those portions of the estate of the testator by which the decree appealed from were declared to belong to James Roosevelt Bayley."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—Commencement, July 16. Graduates, A.B. 61; M.D. 23; Bachelors in Science 4; in Law 28; M.A. 42. Honorary D.D on Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, Rev. John Adams Albro, of Cambridge, Rev. Rufus Phinea Stebbins, of Meadville, Penn., Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, of New York. LL.D. on Gov. Boutwell, Hon. B. F. Dunkin, Chancellor of S. C., J. J. Crittenden, Attorney General U. S., Col. Sylvanus Thayer, Prof. A. D. Bache, Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and John A. Lowell. Upwards of 70 presented themselves for admission to the next class. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D., of Albany. The poem announced to be delivered by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston, was omitted in consequence of a most sudden and afflictive domestic calamity—the death of the poet's wife, which occurred last Sunday. Rev. John Pierpont, at the last moment, assented to a request to that effect, and delivered his poem on "Progress." Only five graduated from the Divinity School. The Providence *Journal* remarks:
"We believe that the divinity schools all over the country are but feebly supported by students. It is in divinity that the greatest amount of gratuitous instruction is given, and in this that the smallest results, in point of numbers, are produced."

BROWN UNIVERSITY, R. I.—Commencement July 9. Oration on Tuesday before the Society of Inquiry, by Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford. Degrees, A.B. 32; B.P. 1; M.A. 10. Honorary A.M. on Signor Urmeneta, Minister of Finance in Chili, who received a part of his education in this college; D.D. on Rev. Solomon Peck, of Boston; L.L.D. on Zachariah Allen, of Providence, and Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of Norwich. The friends of the "New System" consider its success thus far quite satisfactory, and a large class is expected in September. Already 22 young gentlemen have entered from Providence alone.

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, N. Y.—Commencement July 9. Judge Harris presided as Chancellor. Graduates 10. Honorary A.M. on Rev. J. S. Backus, H. E. Peck, and L. H. Morgan; D.D. on Rev. W. Dean, Missionary in China, and Rev. Henry W. Lee, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester; L.L.D. on Gov. Hunt and Judge Addison Gardiner. The theological department held its anniversary on Thursday, when six young men delivered addresses, and Dr. Conant pronounced his inaugural oration; subject, "The Claims of Sacred Learning." On Wednesday evening the rooms in the college building were thrown open on a general invitation for the "friends of the college" to the chancellor's levee—an excellent substitute for the costly, comfortless, and exclusive "commencement dinner." The N. Y. *Recorder* says:
"In looking over the history of the movement since the time that the subscription for the endowment was commenced (one year ago last January), we cannot but see the hand of divine Providence throughout.
"We have here a University respectably endowed, with a complete and able Faculty, a class of ten just graduated, and with *more students for the ministry on its list than any Baptist College in the world.*
"The building which was purchased for the present purposes of the institution, is, in the opinion of good judges, a most excellent investment, it even now being valued much above the price paid for it. We are happy to see that our friends are determined not to pile up their endowment in brick and mortar. They will not, for some time yet to come, need any better conveniences than they now have. A college does not consist in buildings, but in libraries, apparatus, professors, and funds sufficient to me

Editors' Cable.

THE ROYAL PREACHER. Lectures on Ecclesiastes. By James Hamilton, D.D. F.L.S. Author of "Life in Earnest," "Mount of Olives," &c. New York: R. Carter and Brothers. 1851.

Reader, pray don't throw aside this volume after reading the first two chapters, with the feeling that the author is a conceited pedant or a bombastic rhetorician. To be sure we should have done this but for that principle of conscience that constrains us to examine a book thoroughly before presuming to notice it; but this rule enables us to inform you that the author, whom you might superficially discard, is really possessed of good sense, and exhibits much sound criticism, appdiscrimination, practical wisdom, and fervent piety. How he came to exhibit himself so ridiculously in his preface we cannot tell. He stands up before you and says,—'See how handsomely I can interlard my speech with Latin and Greek and French and German'—where English would be more becoming—and 'how too I can interweave allusions to old authors whose names repose severally a note of introduction to my unlearned readers,' and who seem to be quoted merely for the purpose of ostentation. His preface on the Literature of the Book of Ecclesiastes is not a learned dissertation like Stuart's, but a fulsome display of titles and quotations, designed to give the impression of most elaborate research on the part of the author.

Neither can we understand how a scholar with any pretension to taste, should write, and then preach, and then print such sentences as these: "As if, with all her green canvas spread, our island [Great Britain] were an argosy, floating over seas of balm to some bright Sabbatic haven on the shores of immortality!" but nere's for you again: "Dipping his pen by turns in Heaven's rainbow, and in the prismatic depths of his own felicity, with joy's own ink this Prince of Peace inscribed that Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." That quite surpasses our sweet poetesses of Rutger's Institute;—but can you beat another? Solomon is described as "Full of sublime devotion, equally full of practical sagacity; the extemporizer of the loftiest litany in existence, withal the author of the pungent proverbs; *able to mount up on Rapture's ethereal pinion to the region of the seraphim.*"——But we forbear. This same conceited and inflated writer has found the true key to the book of Ecclesiastes, and when he opens his subject in earnest he drops all his conceits, forgets his bombast, seizes the salient points of "the preacher," and with great clearness, beauty, force, simplicity and brevity, often with a startling effect, reproduces his pictures and impresses their lessons. He regards the book of Ecclesiastes as a mirror of Solomon's own life, in which he holds up himself as the king, the emancipated, the worldling, the philosopher, but throughout the royal, disappointed man, a warning to all who would be "lovers of pleasure" more than "lovers of God." The lectures of Dr. Hamilton contain less of exposition than of description, illustration, and exhortation but they bring home to the heart and the life, with pungency and power, the warnings of the reformed and penitent Solomon.

The book is very beautifully printed.

CONSOLATION IN BEREAVEMENT. A Discourse occasioned by the death of the late Rev. Erskine Mason, D.D. Preached in the evening of May 25, 1851, by Rev Samuel H. Cox, D.D. to which is prefixed the Funeral Address. By Rev. William Adams, D.D New York: E. French, 135 Nassau-street. 1851.

In a beautiful pamphlet, trimmed with heavy mourning, are preserved these admirable and appropriate memorials of the event which to the religious community of New York, and indeed to the great commonwealth of Christendom, was a public calamity. As a mere literary production this pamphlet has no ordinary value. For it presents in pleasing contrast two styles of homily each attractive in its way, and which together form a fine specimen of the *oration funèbre*. The style of the Address is chaste, simple, clear, yet highly elaborate; that of the Discourse is more resplendent and idiocratic, yet by no means deficient in terseness and force. The one is the North Star shining ever placid and clear, with the same steady light; the other is the Aurora Borealis corruscating about the same pole and shooting up its brilliant shafts of light to the highest heaven; yet both irradiate the wintry North and guide the mariner across the stormcast sea.

As tributes of personal affection to a departed brother and co-laborer in the Lord, and as a eulogium upon the character of a faithful minister of Christ, these performances are in excellent taste and evince the deepest feeling.

But they will be chiefly prized as a means of edification to the Christian ministry. Such we have found them, and as such we commend them to others. Dr. Adams impresses upon us in few and simple words the greatness and solemnity of the pastor's work as viewed from the borders of the grave.

Dr. Cox with rare perspicacity unfolds the riches of divine grace and consolation in the promised coming of Christ to glorify his servants with Himself.

May these devout remembrances of a good man taken to his rest, be themselves borne to their burial by men as devout, affectionate, and true. And yet may the great Head of the Church long avert that day.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ADONIRAM JUDSON, late Missionary to Burmah. A Commemorative Discourse delivered before the American Baptist Missionary Union, in Boston, May 15, 1851. By William Hague. Published by request of the Union. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Among the many discourses commemorative of Dr. Judson, we have met with none superior to this, none indeed that has pleased us so well. As a biography it has the merits of simplicity and brevity; the materials of a long and most useful life being selected and arranged with good judgment and taste; as a eulogy it is just and discriminating, betraying no excess of partiality, no disposition to glory or to flatter; as a historical review of the missionary work it is clear and succinct and comprehensive; and as an argument and appeal for that work it is earnest, weighty, pathetic and stirring.

The author nowhere forgets that the name and labors of Dr. Judson are the common heritage of the Christian Church. Even the change in his views of baptism is alluded to but briefly and with the utmost delicacy. The discourse will be a valuable addition to our permanent missionary literature.

FRESH GLEANINGS; or A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik Marvel. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

It was the beauty and the fragrance of this first sheaf that won for him who gleaned it a name like Boaz among the reapers. Many a sheaf has he since brought us,—some not gleaned from old worn fields, but harvested with full ripe ears from his own teeming homestead—yet we love that early fragrance that lingers still as if the sheaf were gathered 'new' each year. It is still the same sheaf, loosely thrown together as at the first, except that there is twisted about it for 'Mary,' a fresh withe of young green twigs and prairie flowers.

Few authors fix their character by their first publications so decidedly as did Ik Marvel. We knew him in College life, a gentle, modest, sickly boy, exciting in you more of fear for his delicate physical frame than of hope from the keen and sensitive spirit that shone and sparkled through it; yet already had he won a reputation for "fine writing" in the pages of the "Yale Literary," and in periodicals of more ambitious name. He retired to his patrimonial farm, an invalid; he went abroad for health; we lost him, and feared the world had lost him too. Suddenly he appeared with his bundle of new marvels, himself with health and spirits restored, the greatest marvel of all. He came before the world an author, writing in pure, idiomatic English, with rare ease and grace, clear and musical as a bell, sprightly, mirthful, scholarly, soulful;—the rest our readers know.

Now we do marvel greatly, "Ik," that he who could indite that sweet and tender epistle to Mary, should have composed himself soberly to write the "Reveries of a *Bachelor*." Have done with such reveries, man! They are foreign to thy nature. They will hug thee like the nightmare. Perhaps, however, these were intended as a closing diary, after the manner of Punch's Last Hours of a Single Gentleman."

Thou hast done well, Ik, to put thy sheaves into the hands of one who 'does' them up as tastefully as this that lies before us.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR THE WRONGS OF WOMAN; with a History of an Enterprise having that for its Object. By Catharine E Beecher. Boston: Philips, Sampson & Co. 1851.

False prophets were they that predicted that Miss Beecher had 'killed herself outright'—her name, her influence, her plans, herall—by the publication of that mysterious volume, entitled "Truth stranger than Fiction." No doubt somebody was killed by it—whether either or both of the principal actors in its scenes, or the Faculty of Yale College, or the New Haven West Association, we shall not attempt to decide. Certainly it was not the author, for we find her still as hale and energetic as ever, throwing down the gauntlet to Gov Slade in a way that may well cause that veteran in political campaigns to tremble and grow pale. We would advise him that discretion is the better part of valor, and that there is sometimes great virtue and power in silence. There are some things, however, in this family quarrel that look rather dark, and require to be explained.

"The Wrongs of Woman;" "the Rights of Woman;" the changes are rung upon these phrases as roundly as upon any that have been coined in the mint of Anti-Slavery. Some women propose, *à la Helen Weber*, to redress their wrongs in their own persons by putting on male attire and disputing the palm with the "lords of creation." But even the "Bloomerites" are yet far in the minority, and the "Weberites" must lag greatly behind these.

Some violent champions of women's rights, like the fabled Amazons, have found matrimony a soothing remedy. They have exchanged the forum for the nursery, and have found so much to put to rights there that they have ceased to fret over wrongs without. But poor Abby has proved incorrigible even under matrimony.

Our good friend David Hale once wrote a *jeu d'esprit* on the "Rights of Women," in which he showed that the balance of wrongs was decidedly on the side of the men. "When the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have to give up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the sidewalk, who has to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who must go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? Who has always the right hand and the most respectable position? We could mention a hundred other cases, in which, on the simple question of right, everything is yielded to the women. But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion a pew at church, or a seat anywhere, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, a smirky little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and they must all jump up and clear out as if they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate and often very embarrassing part of making proposals is thrown upon the men, while the women sit and say no, no, no, as long as they like, and never say yes, until they have a mind to."

But raillery apart, there are certain infelicities in the condition of women, or rather of *some* women, that may be remedied. These Miss Beecher proposes to remedy by elevating woman in her proper sphere, especially by means of education. Miss B. is blessed with a noble intellect and a noble heart, and her generous impulses and endeavors, and her self-sacrificing devotion to the good of her sex will not go unrewarded. The suggestions of this volume are eminently worthy of being considered by those to whom they are addressed.

HISTORY OF JOSEPHINE. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The history of that noble and heroic woman, Napoleon's good angel, whose love was so strong and so unselfish that it made the greatest sacrifice possible to woman, the sacrifice of its own object for his imagined good, and whose dignity and grace shone more brightly in that strange and splendid exile than on the day of imperial coronation, affords to the graphic and graceful pen of Mr. Abbott one of the fittest subjects wherewith to charm the youthful mind. It is the Queen of histories among his histories of Queens.

WILLIAM PENN—AN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, whose life of Howard was noticed in *The Independent* twelve months since, has just published a biography of Penn. Seeing that Clarkson's life, with the preface by refutation of Macauley by Mr. Forster has been given to the world so recently, this volume would scarcely seem to be called for; but the great defects, as well as the merits of Clarkson's work are patent. The admirable philanthropist was not well qualified for the task of biographer; and Mr. Bancroft, it is said, felt greatly the want of a good life of Penn when preparing his history. Besides this the materials for a history have been multiplied beyond belief during the last fifty years: upwards of fifty volumes, beside unpublished papers and other things, all bearing upon the history of Penn and affording much matter for his biography, have seen the light. Of these Mr. Dixon has freely availed himself; and has produced a highly interesting volume.

Nevertheless Mr. Dixon's volume is not a satisfactory work. It is not a portraiture but a profile. Penn was distinctly two men, and yet there was unity of character. In this book we have Penn the active and energetic public man—but Penn the man of deep personal piety, with a life whose secret springs were in the unseen, but which was devoted to the religious welfare of men, is not delineated. The life of Penn needs to be written by one who would scarcely have time to write it, by a man of deep religious feeling and of many activities political and religious, a thorough Pennsylvanian or New Englander. An "extra chapter" is given in reply to Macauley; this chapter is below the laborious and complete refutation by Mr. Forster, prefixed to the new edition of Clarkson's biography; and Mr. Dixon has not done his best here, nor fully acknowledged the labors of his predecessor.

Mr. Dixon is undoubtedly a man of some research, and a very clever writer; but he writes almost too well and too rapidly to be a really good biographer. He can write so well *about* facts that he can afford to dispense with the labor of the minute chronicler. Some of the facts relating to Penn and his friends are given as entirely new; and an able and discriminating critic cites one very pleasing passage as presenting these novel facts. But they are chiefly drawn from the curious autobiography of Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker; to whom the Penningtons stood in the place of parents, and who recommended him to John Milton. Penn's first wife was the step-daughter of Isaac Pennington, and the beloved companion of Thomas Ellwood in childhood, and the object of his strong and fraternal attachment through life. Ellwood's autobiography might be reprinted for a few cents, and should be a familiar book to Americans. A page from it is transcribed here, partly for its own sake, and partly that it may be placed by the side of an extract from Mr. Dixon's book.

Thomas Ellwood having been cast off by his father, (a rigid but not meek-spirited Presbyterian) upon his adoption of Friends' principles, he became sensible of his literary deficiencies, and felt the reproach cast upon Quakers that they despised and derided all human learning. He had been educated at Thame grammar school, where a very few years before, John Hampden had been a scholar. But Ellwood had been neglected and had forgotten much that he had learned:—

"Though I toiled hard and spared no pains to regain what I had once been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty that I was ready to say, as the noble Eunuch in another case: 'How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?' This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend, Isaac Pennington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance. He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with JOHN MILTON, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, who was usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus by the mediation of my friend Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him (which at that time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and to read to him what books he would appoint me, which was all the favor I desired."—*Autobiography. Twelfth month*, 1661.

The storm had burst upon the Friends, and the prisons were crammed with them.

"Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison I was desired by my *quondam* master John Milton, to take a house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, Buckinghamshire, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to wait on him, and see him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him to welcome him into the country. After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

"When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here about "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say about "Paradise found?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever any occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

Here, unhappily, Ellwood "returns from his digression" to the family of the Penningtons in which he lived. This was shortly before Penn became the successful wooer of Guli Springett, the step-daughter of Pannington, and the beloved companion of Ellwood. Thus far the autobiography of one who deserves to be accounted of as an apostle among the Friends. Of this circle Mr. Dixon thus speaks:—

"Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling in Sussex, one of the leaders of the parliamentary forces during the first years of the civil war, was residing with her mother at the rustic village of Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, when her future husband first saw her. She was the delight of a small but distinguished circle, including no less a person than John Milton, Thomas Ellwood his friend and pupil, and the family of Isaac Pennington. To Pennington, Guli's father-in-law, Ellwood had owed his introduction to his great master, of whose courtesy and gentle manners he has left so touching an account. And when the visitation of the plague made it necessary for the noble bard to quit his house in London for a time, he naturally went down to Chalfont with his pupil, knowing that friends were to be found there who shared his opinions and revered his genius. Rarely is a small and unpretending village honored with such a company as Chalfont housed in those days of mourning. The Penningtons occupied the Grange, which they had rebuilt and beautified; Milton lived in a neat little cottage at a short distance; and Ellwood had a house about midway between the residences of his friends, at one or other of which he spent nearly the whole of his time. Guli Springett he had known from childhood; he had been one of her little playfellows in the leafy gardens of Kent, in which county her property lay and his family resided: and as he had grown up to manhood, had become deeply sensible of the charms of the young beauty with whom he lived in such close intimacy of familiarity. How far he was in mortal love with her he dared not ask himself, much less avow to her, but he might touch the spell which had bound them together from their common childhood. To be near her, to hear her laugh, to watch her form expand, her soft and lovely features day by day ripen like a peach into more delicate perfection —this made him happy; while from his confession it is clear that in his secret soul he always felt that she was above his reach, and never could become his bride. It is not easy to decide which of the attractions of Chalfont—his master or the mistress—was the greater for Ellwood. To Milton he was devotedly attached; and though his love for Milton Springett was true and earnest, it was not so violent as to be beyond control. Guli, who was sought after and flattered by men of all classes, peers and commoners, courtiers and puritans, cannot be supposed to be not aware of the power of the attractions of Chalfont—his master and mistress—was the greater for Ellwood. To Milton he was devotedly attached; and though his love for Miss Springett was true and earnest, it was not so violent as to be beyond control. Guli, who was sought after and flattered by men of all classes, peers and commoners, courtiers and puritans, cannot be supposed to be not aware of the power of the playfellow; she cannot fail to have felt flattered by his silent and modest homage, so unlike the warmer forms of courtship common in that polite and enlightened age. It was a never-ending offence by obtruding his passion on her thoughts, so she mildly and graciously received and reciprocated his attentions, and contracted for him a friendship which lasted without a day of coldness on either side until her death.

"Guli was fond of music. Music was Milton's second passion. In the cottage of the poet, in the Grange of the philosopher, by no one can days and hours flying past, between psalms of love, high converse from the lips of the inspired bard, old stories of the Revolution, in which the elder people had each had a personal sympathy allured by the recitation of favorite passages from that stupendous work which was to crown the blind and aged poet, Milton, with some one of the grandest heir-looms of mankind! It was to these favored friends that the first made known that he had been engaged in writing 'Paradise Lost;' and it was also in their quiet society that he suggested the main theme of his 'Paradise Regained.' Immortal Chalfont!

"When Penn went down to Chalfont to see his friend Pennington, he was at once struck with the charms of the fair Guli. He saw, loved, and prospered in his love. All other suitors were forgotten; and the heart of Miss Springett with the consent of her mother and her protector, passed out of her own keeping forever. The personal appearance, the social position, the character of the suitor, were all more or less in his favor; but the circumstances of the time, and the recollections of the past were not without their influence on his love. To understand these influences, it is requisite to look back upon the romantic story of Guli's parents."

The biographers of Milton have made the incident quoted above from Ellwood, and reproduced here by Mr. Dixon, familiar to every admirer of the great Patriot and Poet, but the minute and yet characteristic touches by which the familiar friend of Milton presents him to us will make the extract acceptable even to those who are acquainted with its substance.

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is that which presents Penn as the friend of Algernon Sidney and a fellow-laborer with him in the cause of liberty. The proceedings in Pennsylvania occupy a considerable portion of the volume, and the famous conference and treaty with the Indians are narrated with eloquence and described with picturesque effect. The memorable coupcil at Whitehall, at which the charter was granted, and at which Charles II. assumed the responsibility of giving a name to the territory, is also described with much animation.

The closing chapter exhibits Penn as an attendant at Court, and explains the connection existing between him and King James. Mr. Dixon chiefly following Mr. Forster, completely refutes Mr. Macauley, who is clearly convicted of something worse than carelessness and blundering; and the brilliant Reviewer, as an Historian, will have to be classed with Walter Scott rather than with Hume and Gibbon.

AGRICOLA.

"If you were an ambitious man," said one to a minister of talent and education, who was settled in a retired and obscure parish, "you would not stay in such a place as this."

"How do you know that I am not an ambitious man?" said the pastor.

"You do not act like one."

"I have my plans as well as others—the results may not appear as soon, perhaps."

"Are you engaged on some great work?"

"I am—but that work does not relate to literature or science. I am not ambitious, perhaps in the ordinary sense of the term. I do not desire to occupy the high places of the earth, but I do desire to get near my Master's throne in heaven. I care but little for popular applause, but I desire to secure the approbation of God. The salvation of souls is the work in which He is most interested, and to the successful prosecution of which he has promised the largest rewards."

For the Independent.

HOW THEY JUDGE OF BOOKS.

A colporteur of the American Tract Society laboring in a destitute district of western Pennsylvania, reports the following facts which he learned from people who had no conception of their destitute condition: "Frequently old people would tell me, apparently with pride, that they had the whole Bible and Testament, the Life of Generals Jackson and Washington, and several other books. One old man, when he saw my books, said with exultation,—'I have got a better book than any you ever saw.' Being asked what it was, he replied —'Why, it's the History of the United States from General Washington's day down to the present time, Mexican war and all, and it will last me for readin' the balance of my life.'

"Another old man, when I opened my books in his house, asked if I had any *war* books. I told him I had not. He then asked the price of one of the large books. When I had told him he said—'Why, that is too much. I got the whole life of General Jackson once, and it did not cost more than that!' I insisted on his buying some books for his family, recommending them as well as I could. He replied—'These are all religious books. I want something *real democratic*.' I told him that I had the most democratic books he ever saw, and that if any people would read them and practice what they teach, they would become free indeed, capable of self-government in every sense of the word. He seemed well pleased with this recommendation, and told his family to take what books they wanted. They did so, and he paid for them cheerfully. I hope the books may bring some of that family out of the bondage of sin and Satan into the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free."

PRACTICAL.

The Wish and the Prayer.

BY ELLWOOD, THE FRIEND OF MILTON.

O that mine eye might closed be,
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess my ear,
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie,
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought;
But when within Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry.
O, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

Religious Declension Progressive.

Dr. Pond, in his sermon, contained in the June number of the National Preacher, remarks:

"Fatal declensions in religion are not ordinarily accomplished at once. The fearful descent is not perceived at the first step. The first step in the delusion is slight—scarcely perceptible. The next is greater, and the next greater, till Christian character is at length forfeited and hope is gone. A young Christian—a recent convert—a recent profession of religion—with high hopes and animating prospects begins, it may be, to neglect partially his secret devotions. His closet duties are from time to time omitted. Next he is found to neglect the stated meetings of the church. Next, the company and conversation of Christians are shunned, and the company in which he ungodly is frequented. Next, you hear of him as mingling in some scene of pleasure and amusement, and it is not long, ordinarily, before this man can swear with the profane, and drink with the drunken, and laugh at the enemies of the church, and set his brethren at defiance. How often has all this been acted over in the evangelical churches of our own country! How often, alas! have my own eyes seen it and wept over it in secret places!"

Early Training.

In the case heard before Judge Kane of the United States District Court, on Friday last, in which the captain and two of the seamen of the bark Conrad, were the opposing parties, there was an incident in the hearing of the cause which excited a deep feeling of filial affection in the heart of every one present, and proved that the early culture of the moral principles by a mother, in the habits of her offspring, are never lost upon the recipient.

A mulatto was called on the stand to testify in the case. He had been on board the bark Conrad, while at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck from exposure to the southern sun, at first sight, would seem to indicate carelessness and recklessness underneath the long and matted hair, the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes, which could not be mistaken. The feeling for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of the oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place.

Counsel. "My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy. "Yes sir, I do."

Counsel. "What is that obligation?"

Boy. "To speak the truth and keep nothing hid."

Counsel. "Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy. "From my *mother*, sir, replied the lad, with a look of pride which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast, by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence. How truly has it been said, that "bread cast upon the waters will return after many days!"

This answer caused a thrill of joy to animate the bosoms of the auditory, and every face was lighted up with satisfaction. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.—*Phil. Sun.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Disobliging Boy.

Some folks who are very disobliging are not aware of it. Now there was Sam Hobbs, as pleasant a fellow as any in the school. He was a good scholar, diligent and studious, and always ready to join a friend on an excursion of pleasure. He was not naturally disobliging, but he acquired the bad habit in this way. I've heard a boy many times say—"Lend me your knife, Sam, will you?" "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides I want to use it myself," he would reply; or if they said, "Let me see your knife, Sam, will you?" he would take it out and show it to them, and then say, "There, you have seen it," and then back he would put it in his pocket. He always refused in such a pleasant way that they were rarely, if ever offended; and it was a long time before they discovered how often he disobliged them.

One day, when he was absent from school, the boys had a public meeting, and agreed unanimously that they would convince him how disobliging he was, and in such a way that he could have no excuse for being angry. The next day, when he came, one of the first things he said was—

"Where is the lesson to-day?"

"I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself," was the reply.

He asked another, who, holding the book open at such a distance that he could not read it, said, "There, you have seen it." Every question that he asked was answered with one of his old answers. At length he began to grow angry; but when he got to his seat, and thought of it, he was surprised to think how often he had disobliged his friends. The fact was, he had never thought of it before; but now his eyes were opened, and he felt really sorry that he had disobliged persons so much, and he determined not to be angry with his schoolmates, let them disoblige him as they would. He tried not to ask them any question, but he constantly forgot it, and received an answer, to all his inquiries, "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides I want to use it myself."

He came to school in the afternoon in great tribulation; he was at the head of his class in arithmetic, and he felt very anxious to remain there; but in his lesson of this day there was a sum that he could not understand. In vain he applied to one after another to explain it, but all the answer he got was, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself." There was one scholar who came late; to him he applied, and to his great joy and surprise, his friend did the sum; but O, provoking! just as he reached his hand out for the slate, it was withdrawn, and the old words, "There you have seen it," was the answer. He could bear it no longer, but burst into tears. His schoolmates really liked him, and when they saw how badly he felt, they were very sorry they had carried the joke so far. After school they all came and shook hands with him, and told him why they did it. He acknowledged that he had done wrong, and after that he seldom refused to oblige a person when it was proper; if he did, we had but to say, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself," and he would instantly oblige us.—*Youth's Companion.*

Educate your Daughters.

A writer says:—"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs, respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me at their first start they felt into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school.

"They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost all the interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' says he, 'if we could educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they would educate their sons.' This is to the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education."

Peace Sentiments.

Some of the finest sayings of this kind come from military men. In your late paper there was one by Col. Ferguson of the British army. Speaking of Washington, who was once in his power, but was not known by him to be Washington: "I ordered (says he) three good shots to steal near and fire at him; but the idea *disgusted* me—I recalled the order." Again, when nearer, Ferguson levelled his own piece at him, but says, "it was not *pleasant* to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was very cooly acquitting himself of his duty—so I let him alone." And when he afterwards found out whom he had spared, he says, "I am *not sorry* that I did not know at the time who it was." Was it not a pity that this noble fellow was killed in the next battle? Why should such spirits as he and Washington meet together in deadly strife? And why should it be less disgusting "or more pleasant to fire on a thousand men than to fire on one? War has its glare and glitter—but strip them off, and we "sup full of horrors."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Dr. Dewey relates the following original anecdotes of two great men:

Mr. Calhoun once said to him: "The greatest action of a human mind is, in great national emergencies, to pronounce the true word that shall safely and honorably guide a people through all its perils and difficulties. It implies," he added, "the fullest knowledge of the past, the largest comprehension of the present, and the clearest insight into the future, that can be given to mortal man."

Wordsworth once said to Dr. D. in conversation: "I am chiefly known to the world as a poet, but, during my whole life, I think that for one hour that I have given to poetry, I have given twelve to politics." We ventured to say in reply (added Dr. D.) that we were not surprised "for the spirit of your poetry," we said, "is emphatically the spirit of humanity; and the grandest form of the visible interests of humanity is the State and Statesmanship."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New York Express.

Protection of Trees.

When a man sees suffering around him he is strongly impelled to interfere, that if possible he may relieve the object of it. The same step in the delusion is slight—scarcely perceptible. The next is greater, and the next greater, till Christian character is at length forfeited and hope is gone. A young Christian—a recent convert—a recent profession of religion—with high hopes and animating prospects begins, it may be, to neglect partially his secret devotions. His closet duties are from time to time omitted. Next he is found to neglect the stated meetings of the church. Next, the company and conversation of Christians are shunned, and the company in which he ungodly is frequented. Next, you hear of him as mingling in some scene of pleasure and amusement, and it is not long, ordinarily, before this man can swear with the profane, and drink with the drunken, and laugh at the enemies of the church, and set his brethren at defiance. How often has all this been acted over in the evangelical churches of our own country! How often, alas! have my own eyes seen it and wept over it in secret places!"

Early Training.

In the case heard before Judge Kane of the United States District Court, on Friday last, in which the captain and two of the seamen of the bark Conrad, were the opposing parties, there was an incident in the hearing of the cause which excited a deep feeling of filial affection in the heart of every one present, and proved that the early culture of the moral principles by a mother, in the habits of her offspring, are never lost upon the recipient.

A mulatto was called on the stand to testify in the case. He had been on board the bark Conrad, while at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck from exposure to the southern sun, at first sight, would seem to indicate carelessness and recklessness underneath the long and matted hair, the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes, which could not be mistaken. The feeling for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of the oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place.

Counsel. "My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy. "Yes sir, I do."

Counsel. "What is that obligation?"

Boy. "To speak the truth and keep nothing hid."

Counsel. "Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy. "From my *mother*, sir, replied the lad, with a look of pride which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast, by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence. How truly has it been said, that "bread cast upon the waters will return after many days!"

This answer caused a thrill of joy to animate the bosoms of the auditory, and every face was lighted up with satisfaction. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.—*Phil. Sun.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Disobliging Boy.

Some folks who are very disobliging are not aware of it. Now there was Sam Hobbs, as pleasant a fellow as any in the school. He was a good scholar, diligent and studious, and always ready to join a friend on an excursion of pleasure. He was not naturally disobliging, but he acquired the bad habit in this way. I've heard a boy many times say—"Lend me your knife, Sam, will you?" "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides I want to use it myself," he would reply; or if they said, "Let me see your knife, Sam, will you?" he would take it out and show it to them, and then say, "There, you have seen it," and then back he would put it in his pocket. He always refused in such a pleasant way that they were rarely, if ever offended; and it was a long time before they discovered how often he disobliged them.

One day, when he was absent from school, the boys had a public meeting, and agreed unanimously that they would convince him how disobliging he was, and in such a way that he could have no excuse for being angry. The next day, when he came, one of the first things he said was—

"Where is the lesson to-day?"

"I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself," was the reply.

He asked another, who, holding the book open at such a distance that he could not read it, said, "There, you have seen it." Every question that he asked was answered with one of his old answers. At length he began to grow angry; but when he got to his seat, and thought of it, he was surprised to think how often he had disobliged his friends. The fact was, he had never thought of it before; but now his eyes were opened, and he felt really sorry that he had disobliged persons so much, and he determined not to be angry with his schoolmates, let them disoblige him as they would. He tried not to ask them any question, but he constantly forgot it, and received an answer, to all his inquiries, "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides I want to use it myself."

He came to school in the afternoon in great tribulation; he was at the head of his class in arithmetic, and he felt very anxious to remain there; but in his lesson of this day there was a sum that he could not understand. In vain he applied to one after another to explain it, but all the answer he got was, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself." There was one scholar who came late; to him he applied, and to his great joy and surprise, his friend did the sum; but O, provoking! just as he reached his hand out for the slate, it was withdrawn, and the old words, "There you have seen it," was the answer. He could bear it no longer, but burst into tears. His schoolmates really liked him, and when they saw how badly he felt, they were very sorry they had carried the joke so far. After school they all came and shook hands with him, and told him why they did it. He acknowledged that he had done wrong, and after that he seldom refused to oblige a person when it was proper; if he did, we had but to say, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides I want to use it myself," and he would instantly oblige us.—*Youth's Companion.*

Educate your Daughters.

A writer says:—"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs, respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me at their first start they felt into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school.

"They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost all the interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' says he, 'if we could educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they would educate their sons.' This is to the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education."

Peace Sentiments.

Some of the finest sayings of this kind come from military men. In your late paper there was one by Col. Ferguson of the British army. Speaking of Washington, who was once in his power, but was not known by him to be Washington: "I ordered (says he) three good shots to steal near and fire at him; but the idea *disgusted* me—I recalled the order." Again, when nearer, Ferguson levelled his own piece at him, but says, "it was not *pleasant* to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was very cooly acquitting himself of his duty—so I let him alone." And when he afterwards found out whom he had spared, he says, "I am *not sorry* that I did not know at the time who it was." Was it not a pity that this noble fellow was killed in the next battle? Why should such spirits as he and Washington meet together in deadly strife? And why should it be less disgusting "or more pleasant to fire on a thousand men than to fire on one? War has its glare and glitter—but strip them off, and we "sup full of horrors."—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Dr. Dewey relates the following original anecdotes of two great men:

Mr. Calhoun once said to him: "The greatest action of a human mind is, in great national emergencies, to pronounce the true word that shall safely and honorably guide a people through all its perils and difficulties. It implies," he added, "the fullest knowledge of the past, the largest comprehension of the present, and the clearest insight into the future, that can be given to mortal man."

Wordsworth once said to Dr. D. in conversation: "I am chiefly known to the world as a poet, but, during my whole life, I think that for one hour that I have given to poetry, I have given twelve to politics." We ventured to say in reply (added Dr. D.) that we were not surprised "for the spirit of your poetry," we said, "is emphatically the spirit of humanity; and the grandest form of the visible interests of humanity is the State and Statesmanship."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New York Express.

Protection of Trees.

When a man sees suffering around him he is strongly impelled to interfere, that if possible he may relieve the object of it. The same step in the delusion is slight—scarcely perceptible. The next is greater, and the next greater, till Christian character is at length forfeited and hope is gone. A young Christian—a recent convert—a recent profession of religion—with high hopes and animating prospects begins, it may be, to neglect partially his secret devotions. His closet duties are from time to time omitted. Next he is found to neglect the stated meetings of the church. Next, the company and conversation of Christians are shunned, and the company in which he ungodly is frequented. Next, you hear of him as mingling in some scene of pleasure and amusement, and it is not long, ordinarily, before this man can swear with the profane, and drink with the drunken, and laugh at the enemies of the church, and set his brethren at defiance. How often has all this been acted over in the evangelical churches of our own country! How often, alas! have my own eyes seen it and wept over it in secret places!"

Early Training.

In